DERELICT

BOOK 2 ~ CLOISTER

by Ben Fleuter

Edited by ML Snook

YOU KNOW, WHEN YOUR POP AND ME WERE LITTLE KIDS, THEY WERE PRETTY MUCH LIZARDS
YOU EVER SEEN A LIZARD?
WELL, ANYWAY, THEY WERE PRETTY MUCH THESE LITTLE LIZARD-FISH THINGS.
EVERYONE WAS ALL "THESE SOME DEEP-SEA CRITTERS WE AIN'T DISCOVERED YET? MUTANT FISH?" CAUSE THE OCEAN WAS ALL FUCKED UP BACK THEN, YOU KNOW.
LITTLE STUPID LIZARDY THINGS.
BITTER END
NOW ONE'S YOUR BOSS.

HOW'S THE OLD FOGGER, ANYWAYS?
THINGS THE WAY THEY ARE.
WE'RE UH.... WE'VE BEEN BUSY.
"WE", HUH?
...IT'S A LOST CAUSE AT THIS POINT.
ARBUTUS BARELY TOLERATED THEM BEFORE PRIMROSE BURNT, NOW IF THE GRENDEL GOES AND COOKS UP TROUBLE, AND YOU GO COOKIN' IT WITH HIM...
WHOAH!
DON'T SAY HIS NAME HERE. YIKES.
AND IT'S *CAUSE* PRIMROSE BURNT HE NEEDS ME AROUND.

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PEOPLE NEED THIS FOOD, DEE. SPECIALLY THE FOGGERS.
AND THEY'LL GET IT!
YOU CAN TELL HIM HE'S PAYING UP FRONT FOR IT, NO MORE FAVORS, BUT THEY'LL GET IT.
NO REASON YOU GOTTA BE THE ONE RUNNIN' HIS ERRANDS, THOUGH.
CLINT, THERE'S PLENTY OF ROOM FOR YOU ABOARD THE SUZIE JUNE.

I CAN'T JUST... LEAVE THIS PLACE.
I MEAN, WHAT WOULD MY MOM DO IF
WHEN YOUR DAD AND ME WERE GROWING UP, WE HAD TO LEAVE A LOT BEHIND. CONSTANTLY.
WORLD WAS CHANGING AND IT WAS CHANGING FAST.
BUT FOLKS CAN ADAPT.
YOU AND YOUR MOM AND ANYONE ELSE INCLUDED.
ALL SOMEONE HAS TO REALIZE IS THERE'S NO GOING BACK, AND THEY CAN MAKE ANY LOT IN LIFE WORK FOR THEM.
THAT UH... THE SEA'S JUST NOT THE LOT FOR HER.

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CLINTON. KID. ARBUTUS IS FUCKED. THERE'S NOTHING TO WIN HERE.
...
SO I GOT ANOTHER ERRAND, MAYBE WE CAN TALK ABOUT THIS LATER?
GOOD DOING BUSINESS AGAIN AUNT DEE. I'LL MAKE SURE SOMEONE AND THE DROPOFF'S GOT --
SUZIE JUNE'S IN PORT ANOTHER WEEK. JUST SAYIN'
...COULD I GET A BAG OR SOMETHING?

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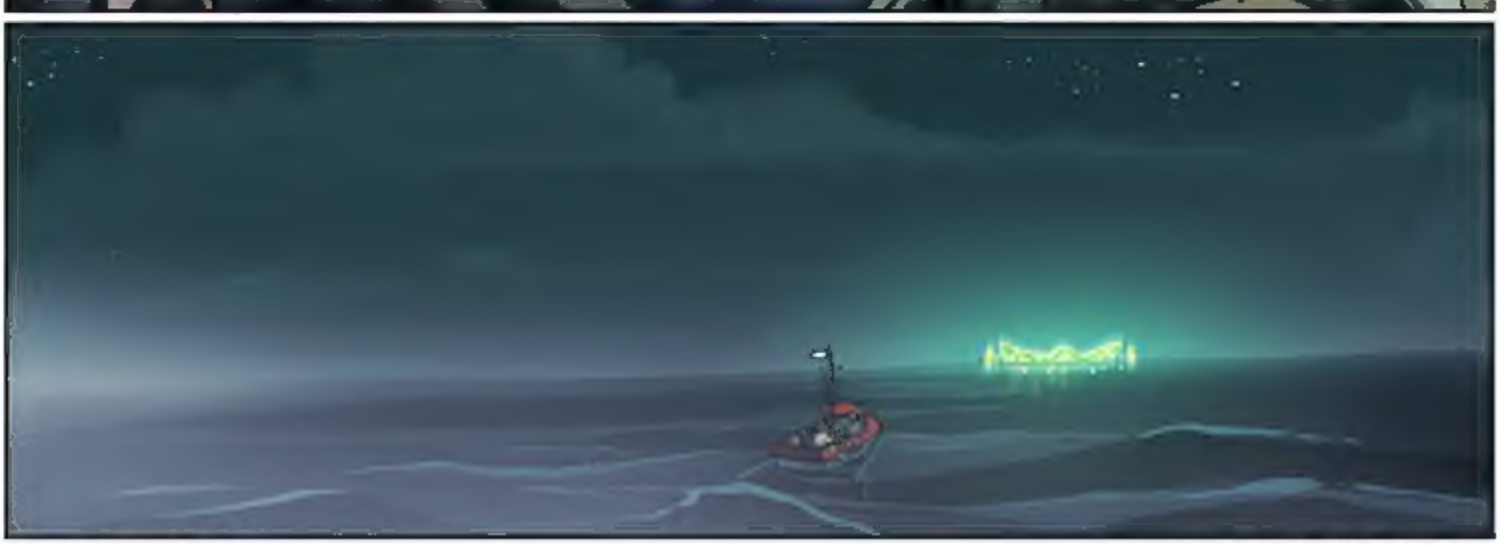
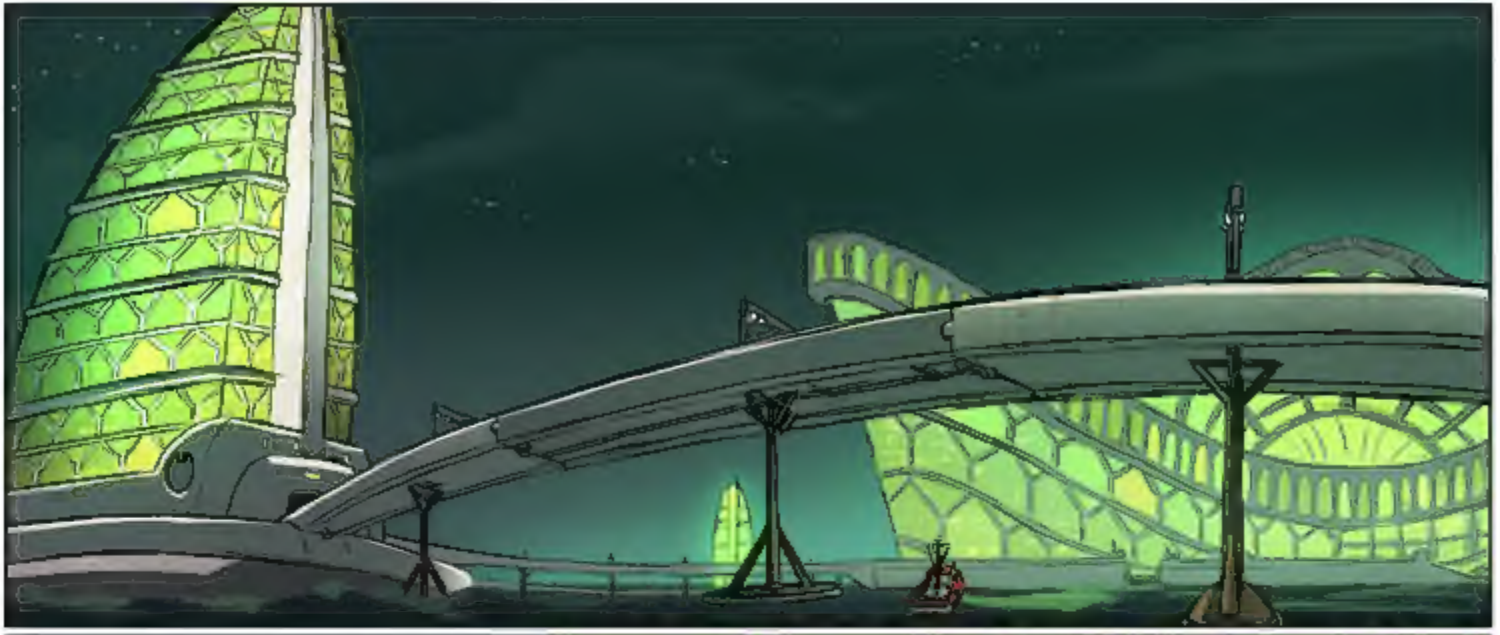
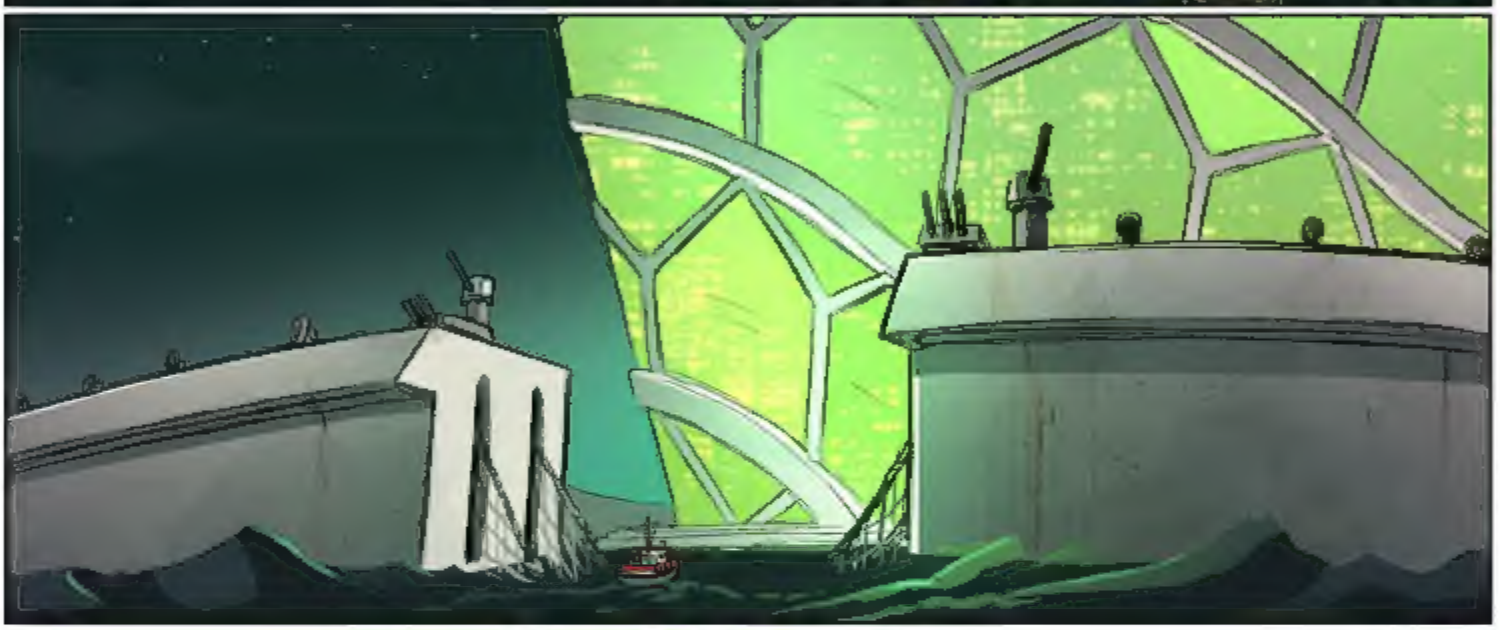
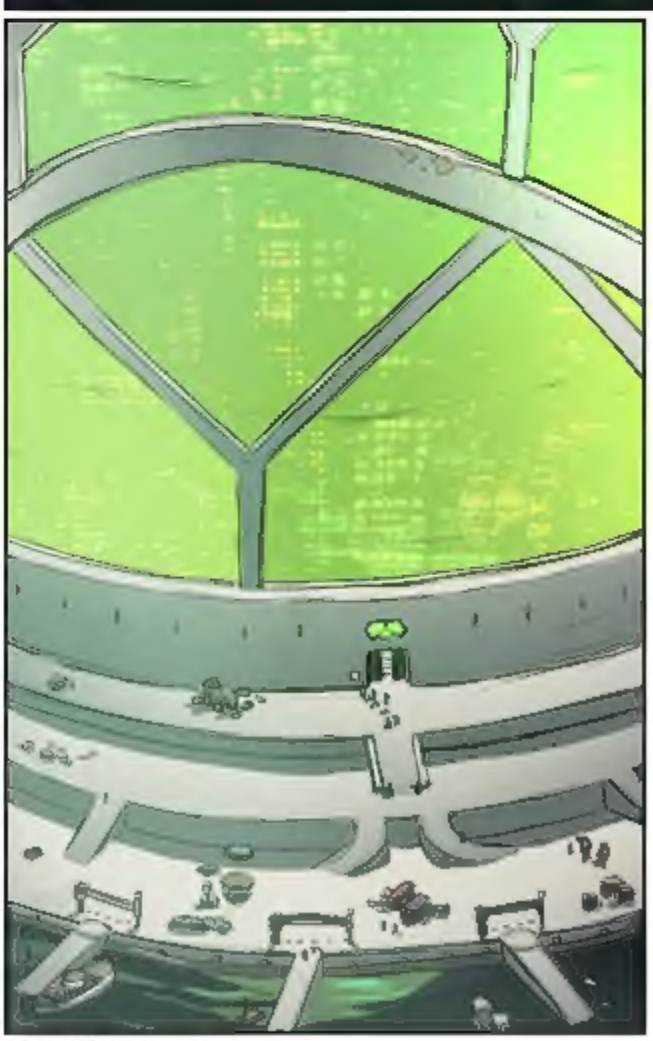








DING
THIS IS A REMINDER THAT CURFEW WILL TAKE EFFECT IN ONE HOUR.
AS PART OF A CITY-WIDE EFFORT TO CONSERVE POWER, MANY NON-ESSENTIAL SYSTEMS WILL BE DEACTIVATED FROM 11.00 PM TO 6.00 AM.
FOR THEIR OWN SAFETY, ALL NON-HUMAN CITIZENS ARE REQUIRED TO REMAIN IN THEIR HOMES OR THE NEAREST SHELTER DURING THIS TIME.
ARBUTUS THANKS YOU FOR YOUR COOPERATION.

OH! SHIT!
HEY CLINT. DIDN'T NOTICE YOU, YOU LITTLE CREEPER!
BOYS, THIS IS A FRIEND OF MY DAD'S.
THESE ARE BRICK AND MORTAR.
THEY'RE TWINS.
AND TOTALLY HOT

GREAT.
HAPPY FOR YOU.
SO WHAT'RE YOU OUT HERE FOR, CREEPER?
HER, PRETTY SURE.
WHAT?

YEEAAAH.
YOUR DAD KNOWS ABOUT YOUR CONTACT ABOUT TONIGHT'S JOB, TOO.
WE GOT SOMEWHERE SECURE SET UP HE WANTS TO TAKE THE LADY
HA! NO NO WE CAN HANDLE THIS. WE GOT A PLACE THAT'S PRETTY SAFE.
IMPALA, YOU CAN'T MOVE ABOUT THE CITY LIKE ME. NOT THIS LATE.
HEY FUCK YOU TOO. I CAN BE DISCREET IF I WANT.
YEAH AND SO CAN ALL EIGHT FEET OF BRICK HERE.
UH. I'M MORTAR. HE'S BRICK.
THIS WAS MY JOB! MY CONTACT! WHEN YOU GET BACK YOU TELL MY DAD I DON'T WANT HIM STICKING HIS SNOUT IN MY BUSINESS!

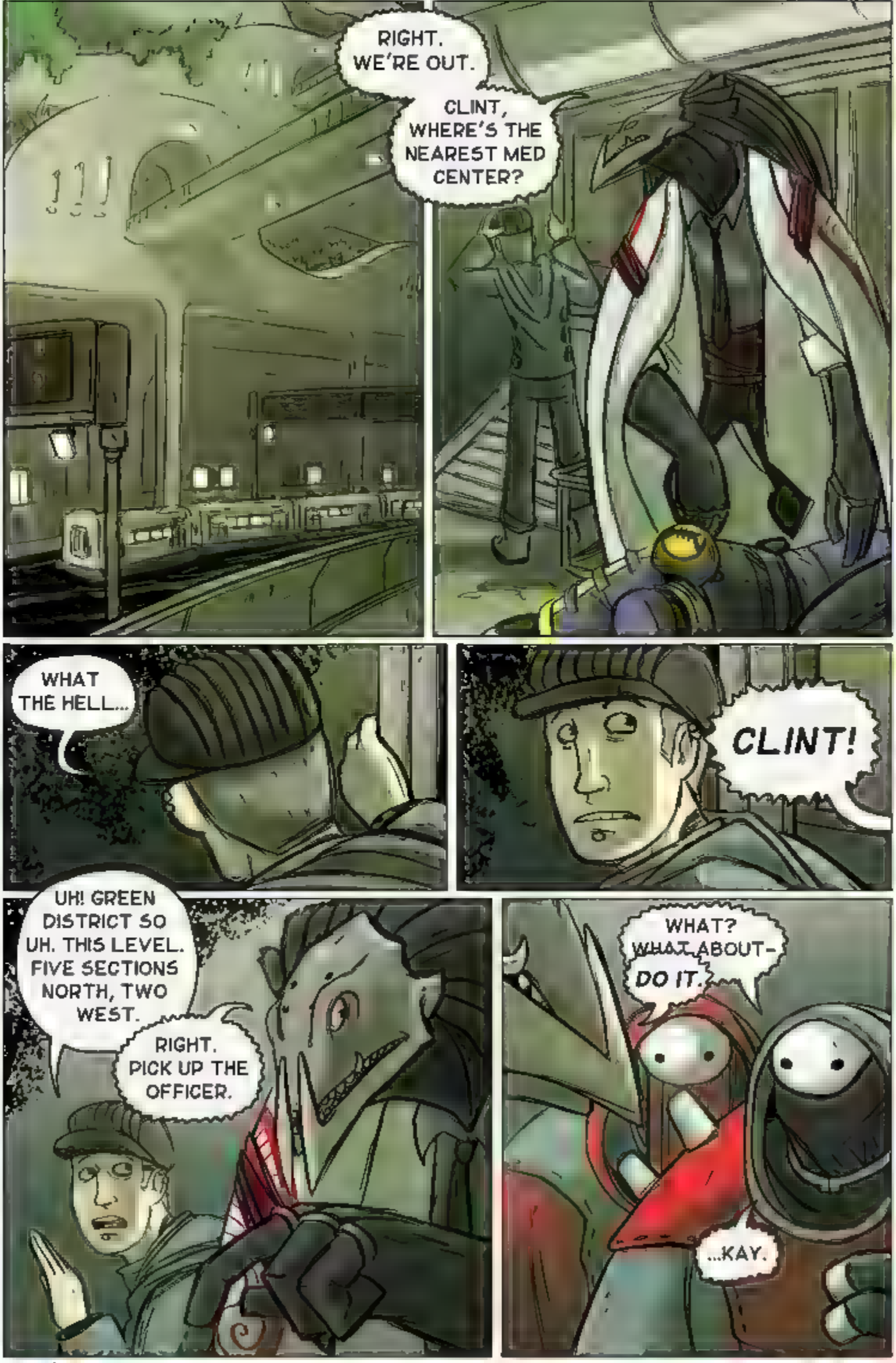
DON'T WANT HIM SENDING HIS PET HUMANS OUT UNDERMINING ME IN FRONT OF MY MEN!
BUT I'M STILL GOING BACK TO HIM WITH THE GIRL.
HHH!!
THERE A PROBLEM HERE?
NO SIR.
MA'AM, I'M GOING TO NEED TO–

THIS, UH, TH-THIS IS AN EMERGENCY STOP! EVERYONE OFF!
THERE'S A F-F-FIRE! AND FOG AHEAD! THE TRAIN NEEDS SO MANY REPAIRS AND ISN'T SAFE!
NO!! NO NO NO!!!
SO EVERYONE OFF THE TRAIN!

EVERYONE OFF THE TRAIN RIGHT NOW!!

OH!
OH NO!
OH NO I'M SO SORRY!
I'M SORRY. I'M SORRY.

WHAT THE HELL?! WHAT THE HELL IMPALA?!
I DON'T KNOW!


RIGHT. WE'RE OUT.
CLINT, WHERE'S THE NEAREST MED CENTER?
!!!
WHAT THE HELL...
CLINT!
UH! GREEN DISTRICT SO UH. THIS LEVEL. FIVE SECTIONS NORTH, TWO WEST.
RIGHT. PICK UP THE OFFICER.
WHAT? WHAT ABOUT- DO IT.
...KAY.

CLINT. YOU AND ME ARE TAKING CARE OF THIS OURSELVES. DON'T TELL MY DAD JUST YET.
RIGHT UH. YEAH. I THINK THAT'S THAT'S PROBABLY BEST FOR BOTH OF US.

SEARCH NEWS FOR TRAIN LINE 1440.
RECYCLE
Ding
DISPLAYING ROUTE 1440. SCHEDULED TRACK MAINTENANCE SEPTEMBER SEVENTH. SEE ALTERNATE ROUTES?

UHHHH. SEARCH NEWS FOR GUARDS? INJURIES? MONSTERS?
Ding
SORRY. COULD NOT FIND "GUARD IN JURY MONSTER"
WHY CAN'T THESE HAVE A KEYBOARD...
SEARCH GOYA?
FRANCISCO DE GOYA. SPANISH ARTIST FROM THE 1700S.
Ding
The Museum of War
BANNED MEDIA
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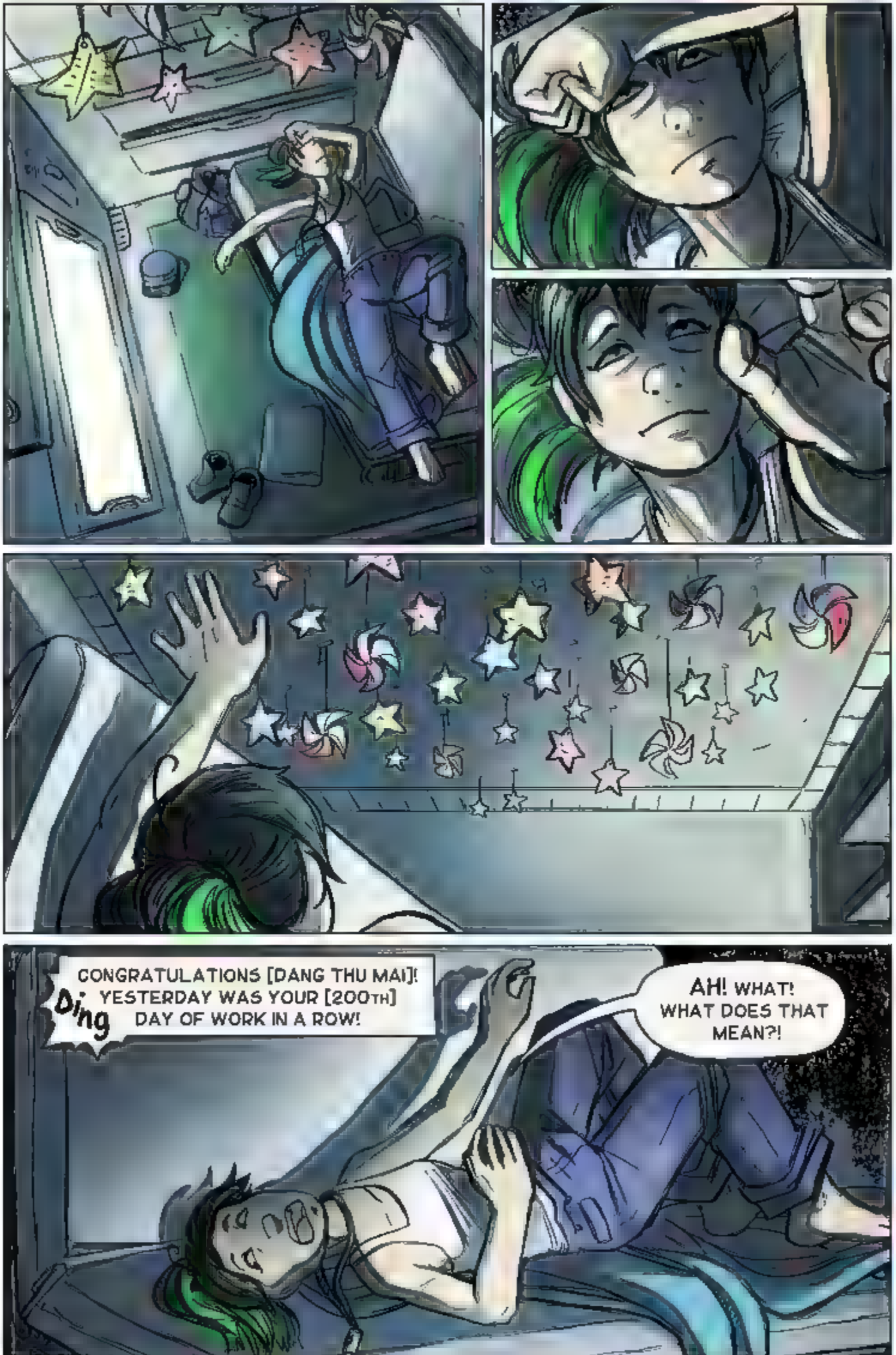
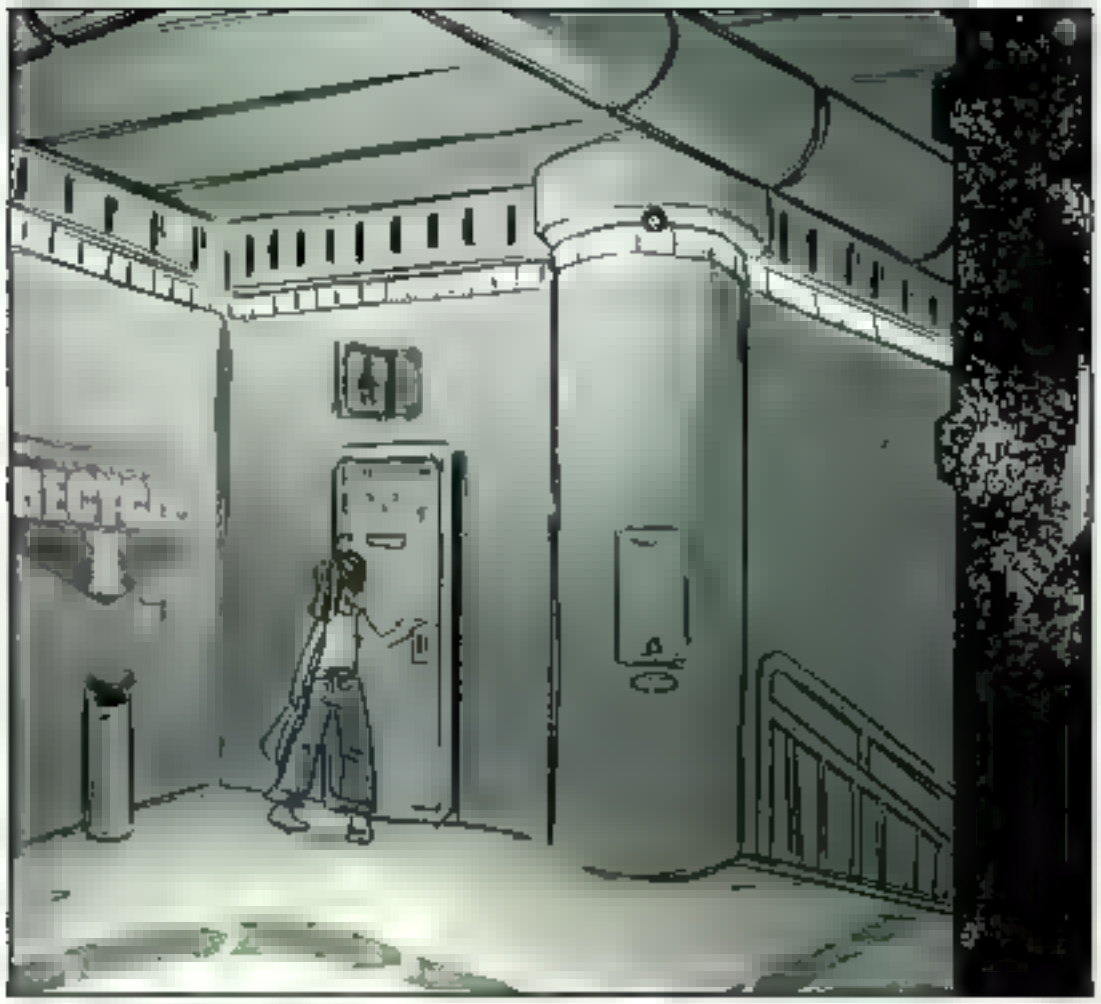
YOU MAY PURCHASE THE FOLLOWING DIGITAL PAINTINGS FOR YOUR LIVING QUARTERS


CONGRATULATIONS [DANG THU MAI]! YESTERDAY WAS YOUR [200TH] DAY OF WORK IN A ROW!
Ding
AH! WHAT! WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?!

YOU'VE UNLOCKED 100 ARK CITY EXTRAS, WHICH YOU MAY USE TO PURCHASE APPROVED MEDIA, GAMES, DESKTOPS, VIRTUAL PETS, AND MORE!
CHEESE!
MOVIES!
BOOKS!
BE THE ENVY OF YOUR NEIGHBORS W
UUUHG! I CAN NOT EAT A VIRTUAL PET!
RUMBLE QUEST IV
VIRTUAL PETS!
CHOOSE FROM A VARIETY OF CUDDLY CREATURES DESIGNED TO PROVIDE–
MARCO
TAMPERING WITH ARK EQUIPMENT IS A FINABLE OFFENSE!
AAAAA! SHHH! I'M SORRY!
YOU HAVE SELECTED
WHATEVER!
BOOP

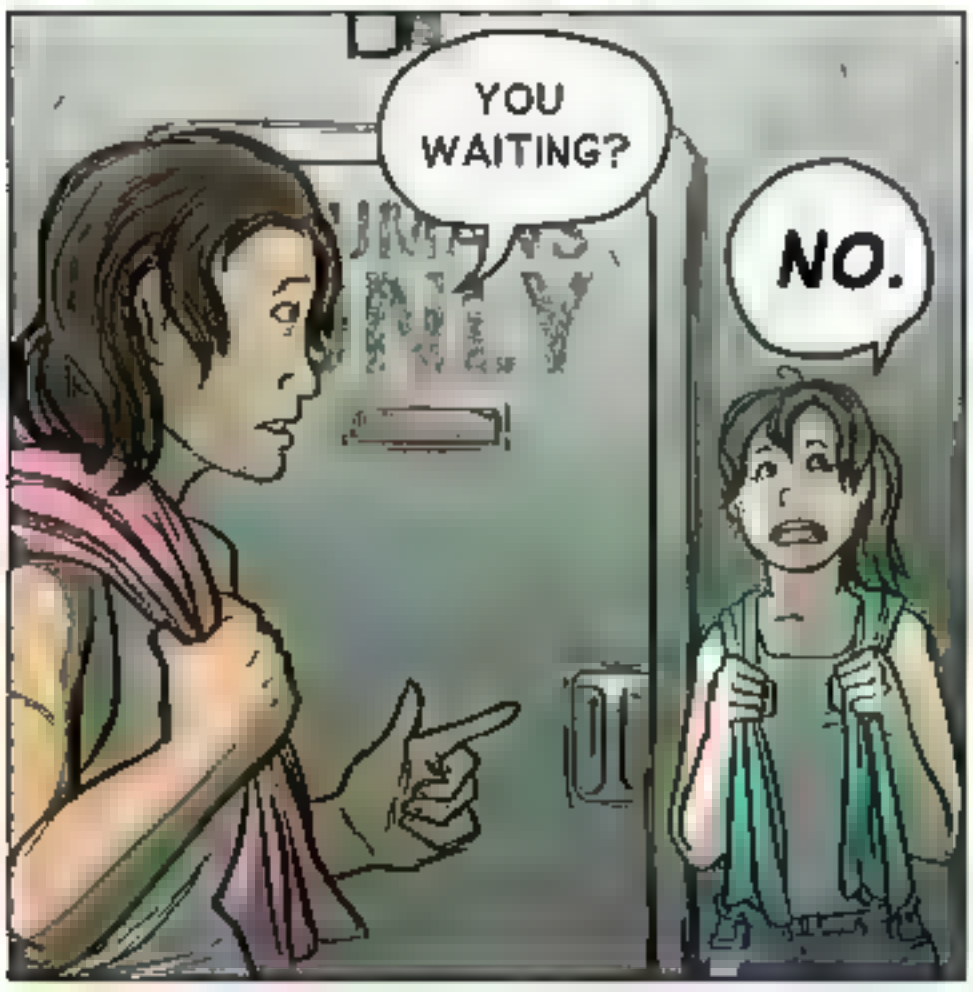


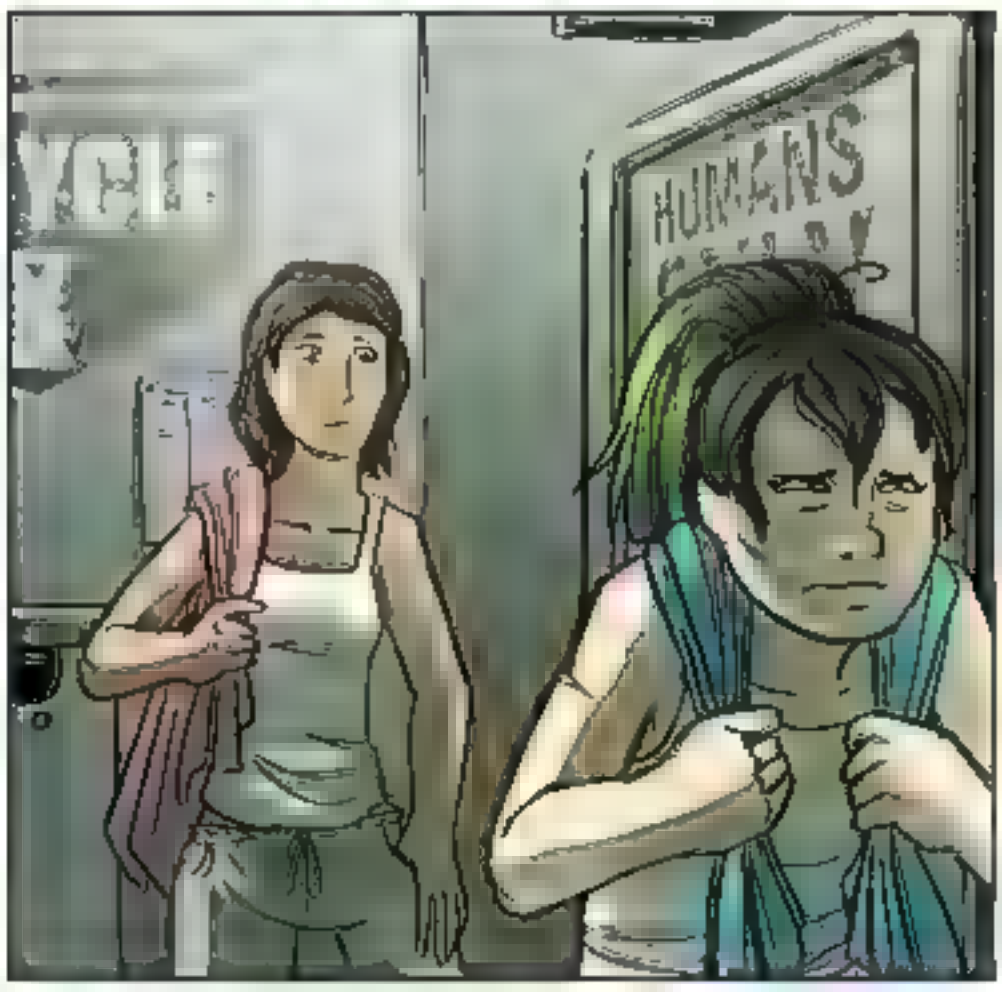
OCCUPIED!
S-SORRY! SORRY!

HUMANS ONLY

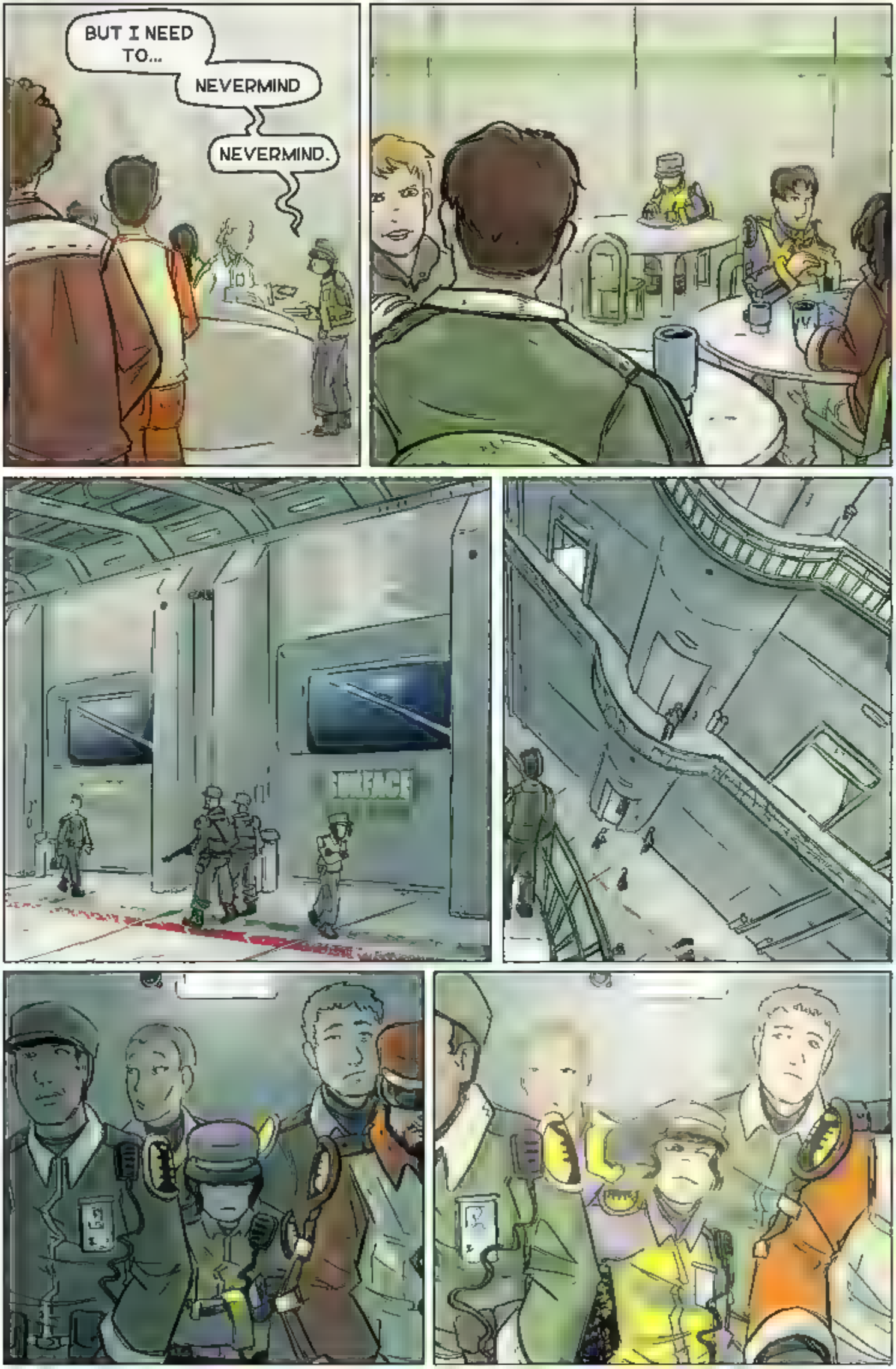
HUMANS ONLY

HUMANS ONLY


YOU WAITING?
NO.


HUMANS

AH UHM. Y-YOU CHARGED ME... YOU CHARGED ME TWO MORE THAN IT SAID THIS COSTS.
NEW TAX THANKS TO THE SHORTAGE.
BUT . N-NO ONE TOLD ME THERE WAS ANOTHER TAX
WELL SORRY IT'S FROM ABOVE NOTHIN' WE CAN DO ABOUT IT.


BUT I NEED TO...
NEVERMIND
NEVERMIND.

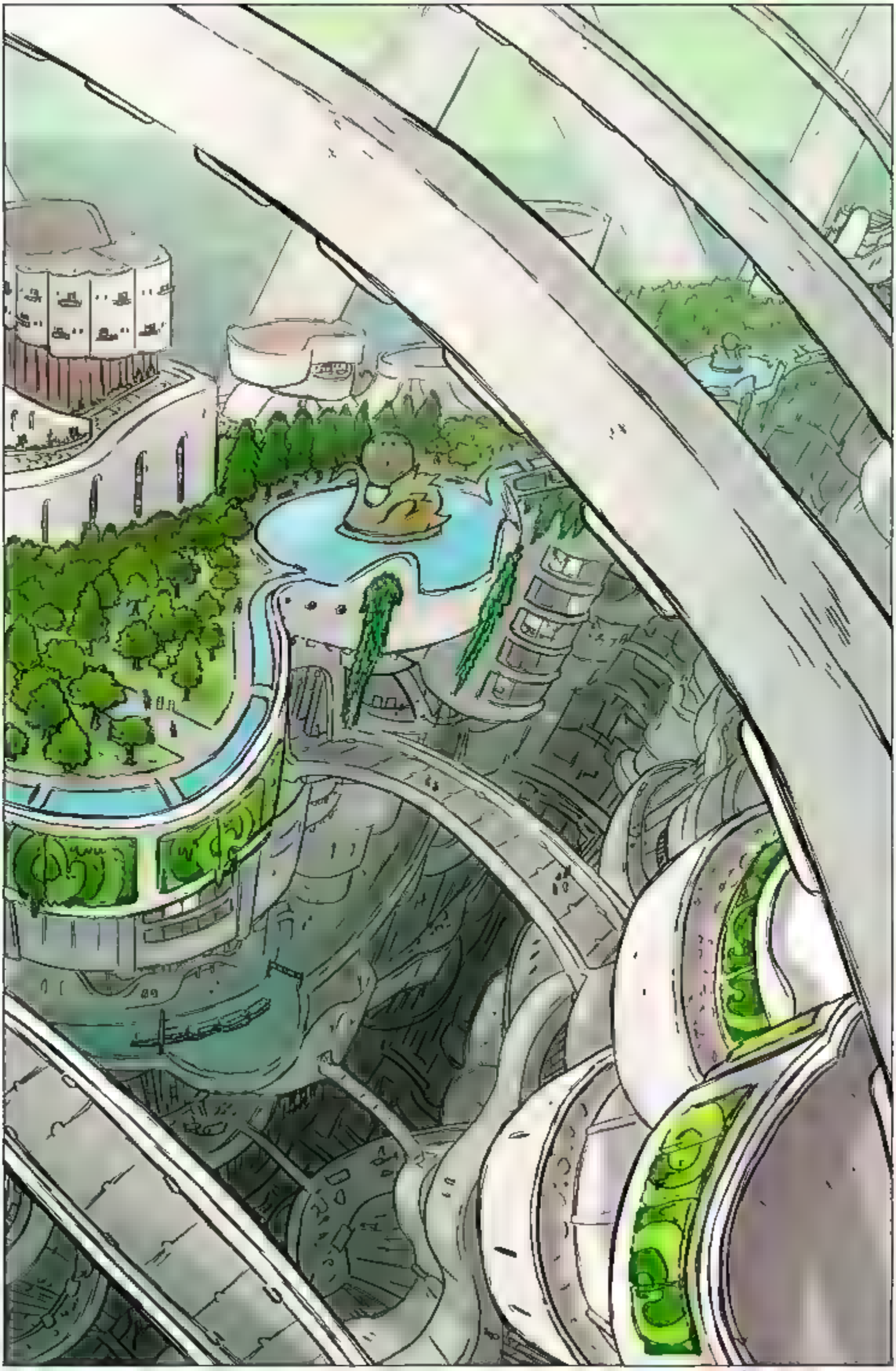
KEEP
...DONT GET IT, PLENTY OF FOOD THERE.
HEAR IT'S ALL FOR CORN OIL NOW
CORN OIL?
YEAH, I GUESS? I DUNNO. IT'S ALL CAUSE OF THAT MESS WITH PRIMROSE...

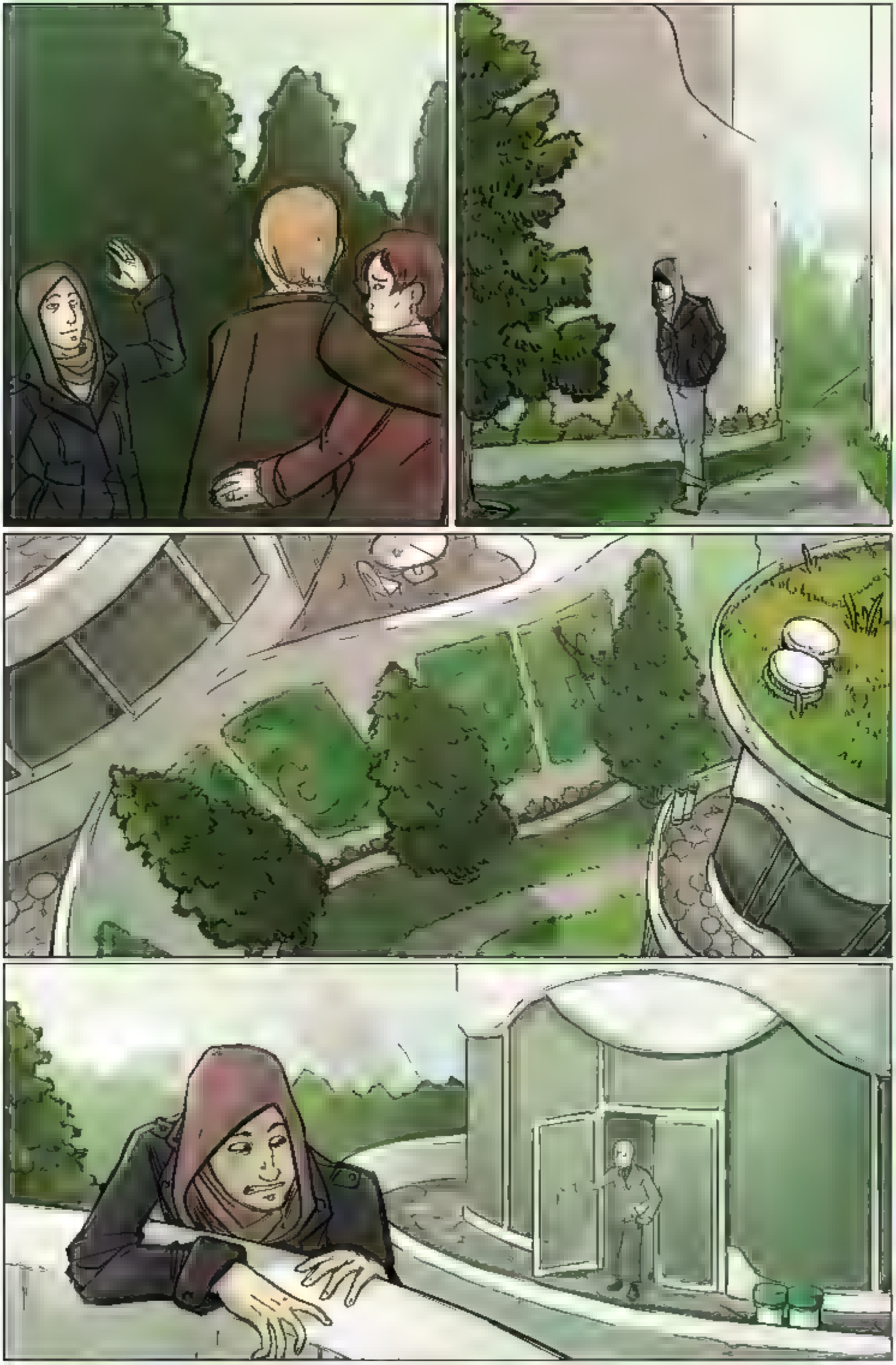
WOAH!
AH!
S-SORRY!
HUH!
YOU SHOULD BE HEADING TO THE STATION, YEAH?
I UH. UH. I D-DON'T FEEL WELL. I'M GOING, UH, G-GOING HOME
YOU KNOW DANG, THEY'LL PROBABLY BE CRAWLING ALL OVER YOUR PLACE, TOO.
Y-YOU WERE ON THE TRAIN..

AND YOU WERE DRIVING, RIGHT?
YES
NO!
I MEAN NO!
OKAY WOW. CALM DOWN.
NO! WHO ARE YOU?! WHAT DO YOU... DO YOU KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT THE MONSTERS?!
SHHH! KEEP YOUR VOICE DOWN!
I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ALRIGHT? JUST WANNA KNOW WHAT YOU KNOW!
ALL I KNOW IS EVERYTHING WAS FINE AND THEN YOU SHOWED UP AND NOW THERE'S GUARDS AND THESE MONSTERS KEEP HAPPENING AND-
WAIT WHAT?
YOU THERE!

I CAN'T FUCK'N' BELIEVE YOU.
CAN'T BELIEVE YOU GET OFF CALLING YOURSELF DISCREET THEN FUCKIN' GETTING YOUR ASS ARRESTED.
IMP THIS IS DANG. DANG, IMPALA.
H-HI...
WHAT'S UP ON YOUR END? YOU FIND YOUR CONTACT?
NO, IT'S BAD.

THEY KNEW ABOUT MY SAFEHOUSE.
CHARLISE ISN'T ANSWERING CALLS, ISN'T AT HER PLACE. I THINK THEY GOT HER
YOU CHECKED HER PLACE?
YEAH. ALL TIDY BUT NO ONE'S HOME.
RIGHT YOU TAKE CARE OF DANG I'M GONNA CHECK IT OUT
AH–
WHAT? CLINT!
DAMNIT! FUCKING HUMANS!
I'M SORRY!





COMP
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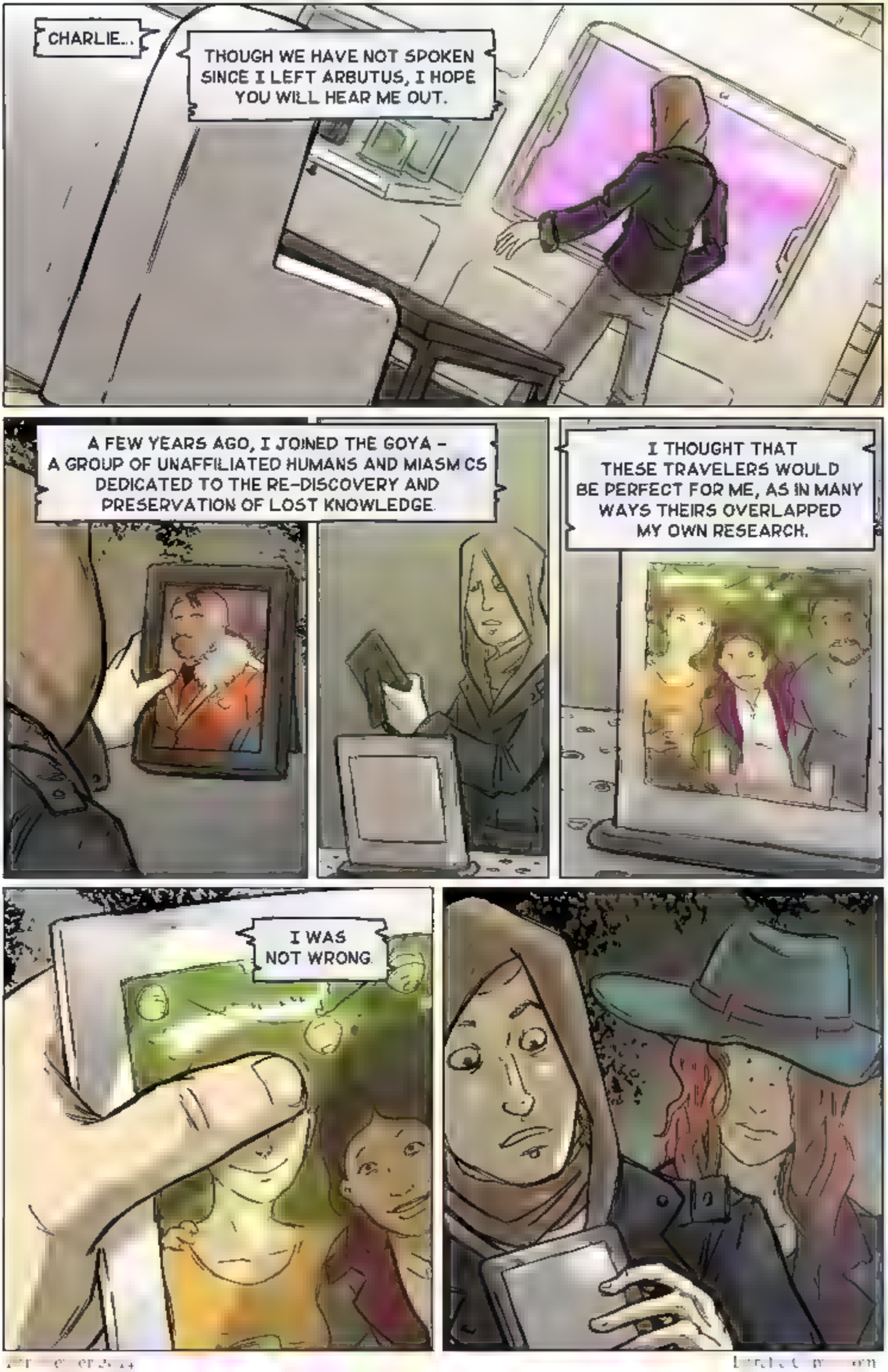
CHRIST, IMP...
ALL A LITTLE TOO TIDY FOR SOMEONE LIVING ALONE.
EESH.

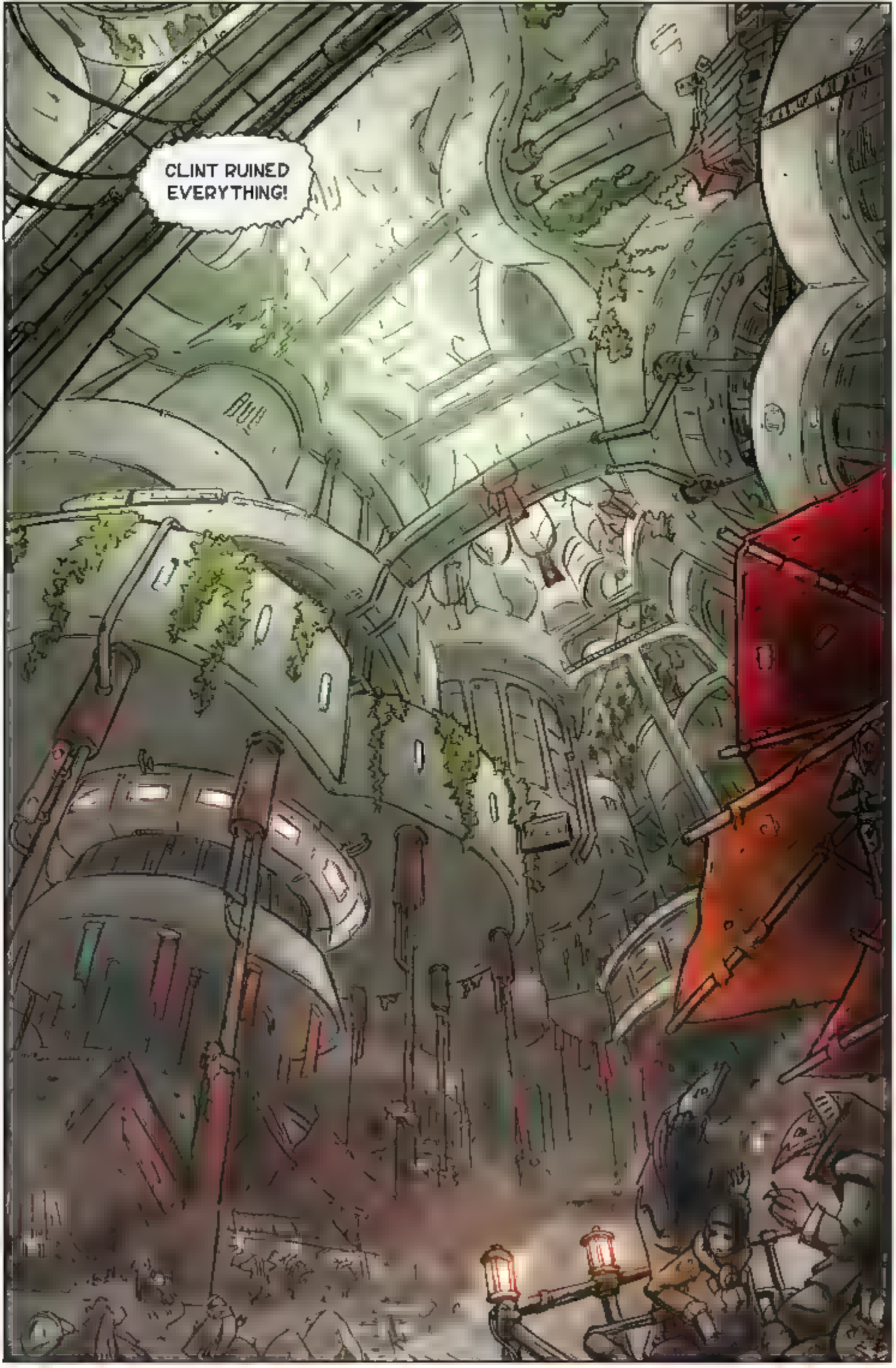
WELCOME BACK CHARI
UH HUH.
DISPLAY RECENTLY VIEWED CHATLOGS AND FILES.
ding
SORRY. NO RESULTS FOUND
OF COURSE

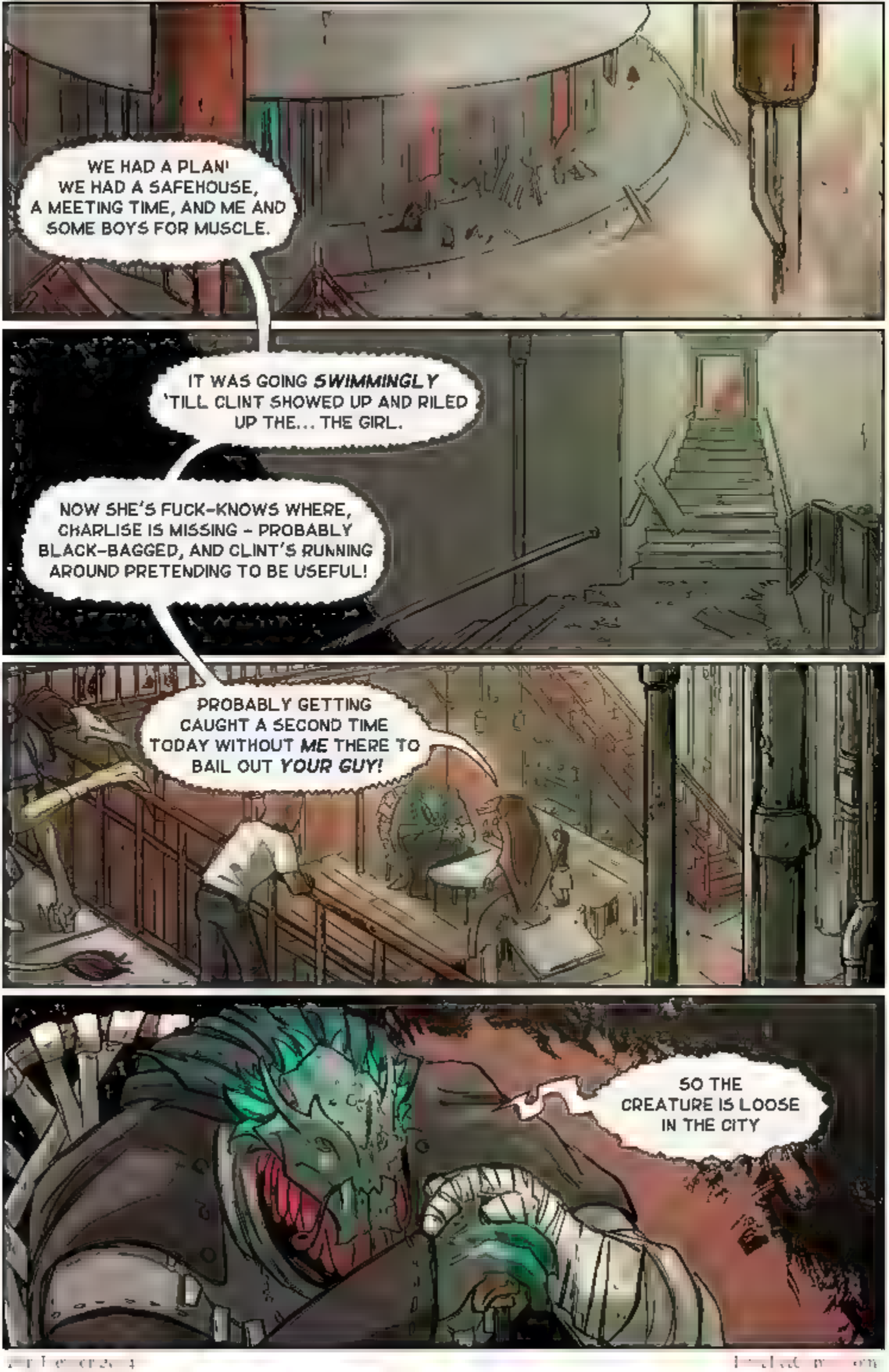

CHARLIE...
THOUGH WE HAVE NOT SPOKEN SINCE I LEFT ARBUTUS, I HOPE YOU WILL HEAR ME OUT.
A FEW YEARS AGO, I JOINED THE GOYA - A GROUP OF UNAFFILIATED HUMANS AND MIASMICS DEDICATED TO THE RE-DISCOVERY AND PRESERVATION OF LOST KNOWLEDGE.
I THOUGHT THAT THESE TRAVELERS WOULD BE PERFECT FOR ME, AS IN MANY WAYS THEIRS OVERLAPPED MY OWN RESEARCH.
I WAS NOT WRONG.

WHY ARE YOU HERE?
GAAAH!
WE TRAVELED TO WHERE THE FOG FIRST HIT – WHAT WAS ONCE GREENLAND
DON'T
JESUS FUCKING CHRIST!
DON'T!!
SORRY.
AH.. AHHH.
YOU THIS IS YOU! THIS IS YOU IN THE PHOTO NEXT TO CHARLISE, ISN'T IT!
BLASPHEMY
I AM NOT IN THERE. I AM RIGHT HERE
YOU'RE BLIND.
CHARLISE IS NOT HERE. WHERE IS CHARLISE?

CHARLISE?
UH. I DON'T KNOW.
I'M LOGGING THIS AND WILL SEND IT OVER NEXT TIME THE FOG
CHARLISE WAS HERE. AND OTHER HUMANS. THEY CAME WITH CHEMICALS.
YEAH! I THINK...
...I THINK THAT ARBUTUS SENT SOME GUYS HERE TO SEARCH THE PLACE. AND ... I DUNNO.
"SOME GUYS"
WHAT WERE THEY SEARCHING FOR?
WELL, YOU.
OH.
CHARLISE AND IMPALA TOLD ME "ARBUTUS" WOULD SEARCH FOR ME AND TO NOT LET THEM FIND ME. I DO NOT KNOW WHY.
CHARLISE WAS NICE TO ME, THOUGH. EVEN NICER THAN MASON.
..MASON? COUNCILMAN HAROLD MASON?

YES. MASON TAUGHT ME WORDS AND ASKED ME QUESTIONS CHARLISE THOUGH, SHE MADE ME COMFORTABLE. SHE NAMED ME.
AND . YOUR NAME?
UNA.
WELL, GOOD TO MEET YOU UNA. MY NAME'S CLINT.
I KNOW IMPALA SAID.
YOU ARE "LITTLE CREEPER"
...YEEAAH... WHAT SHE MEANS IS I WORK FOR HER DAD DOING THINGS THAT NEED A... SUBTLE TOUCH.

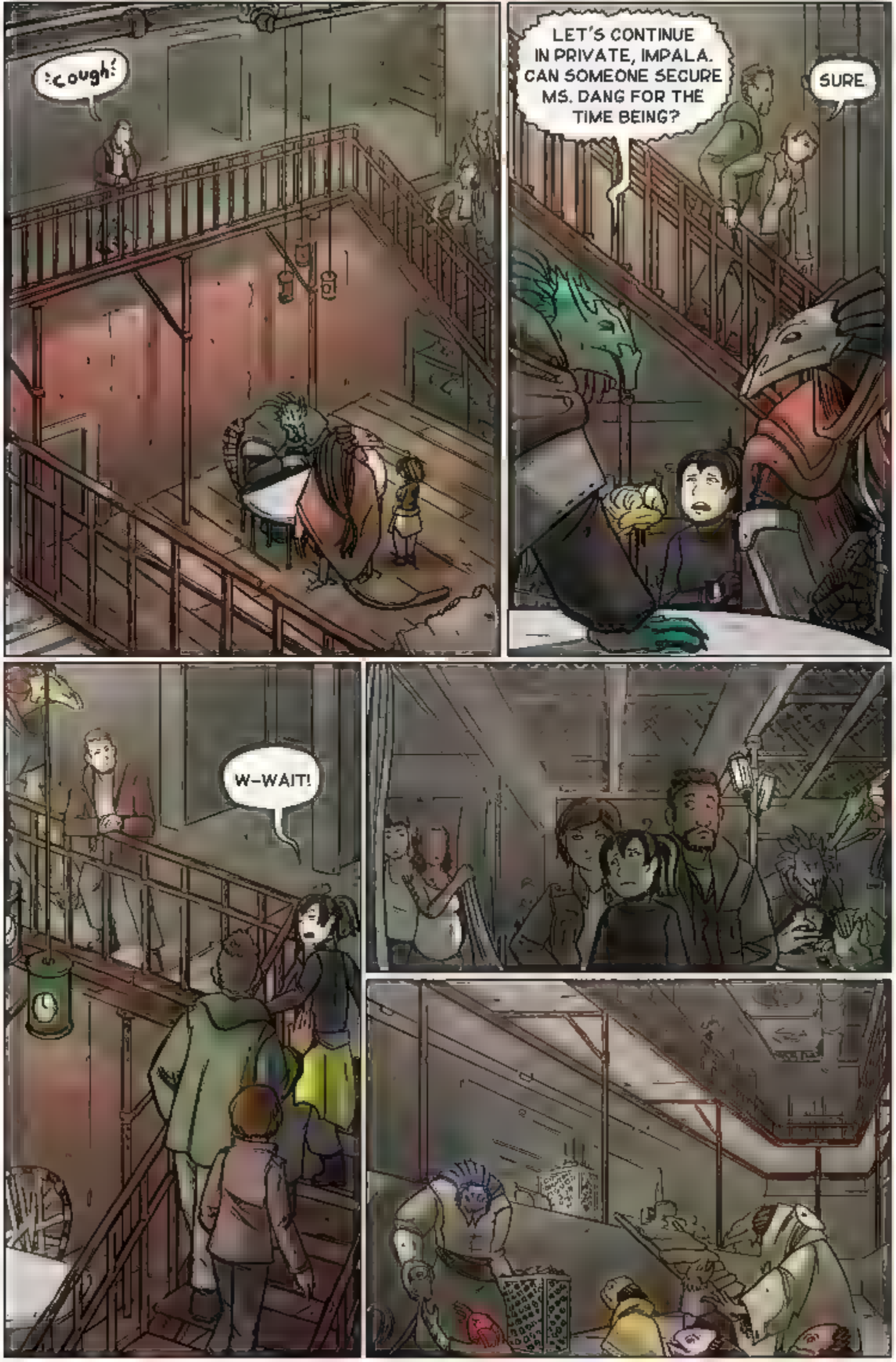

CLINT RUINED EVERYTHING!

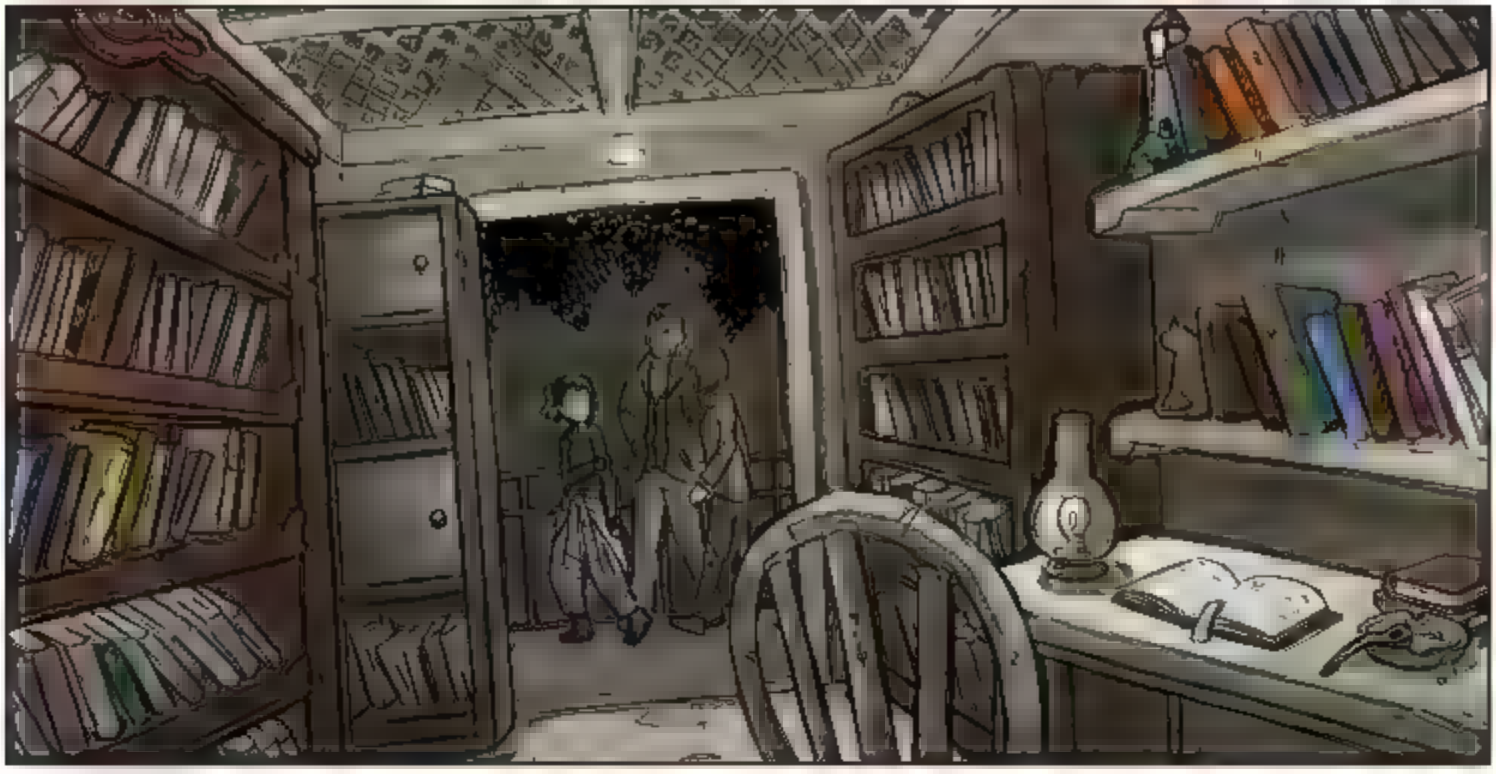

WE HAD A PLAN! WE HAD A SAFEHOUSE, A MEETING TIME, AND ME AND SOME BOYS FOR MUSCLE.
IT WAS GOING *SWIMMINGLY* 'TILL CLINT SHOWED UP AND RILED UP THE... THE GIRL.
NOW SHE'S FUCK-KNOWS WHERE, CHARLISE IS MISSING - PROBABLY BLACK-BAGGED, AND CLINT'S RUNNING AROUND PRETENDING TO BE USEFUL!
PROBABLY GETTING CAUGHT A SECOND TIME TODAY WITHOUT *ME* THERE TO BAIL OUT *YOUR GUY!*
SO THE CREATURE IS LOOSE IN THE CITY

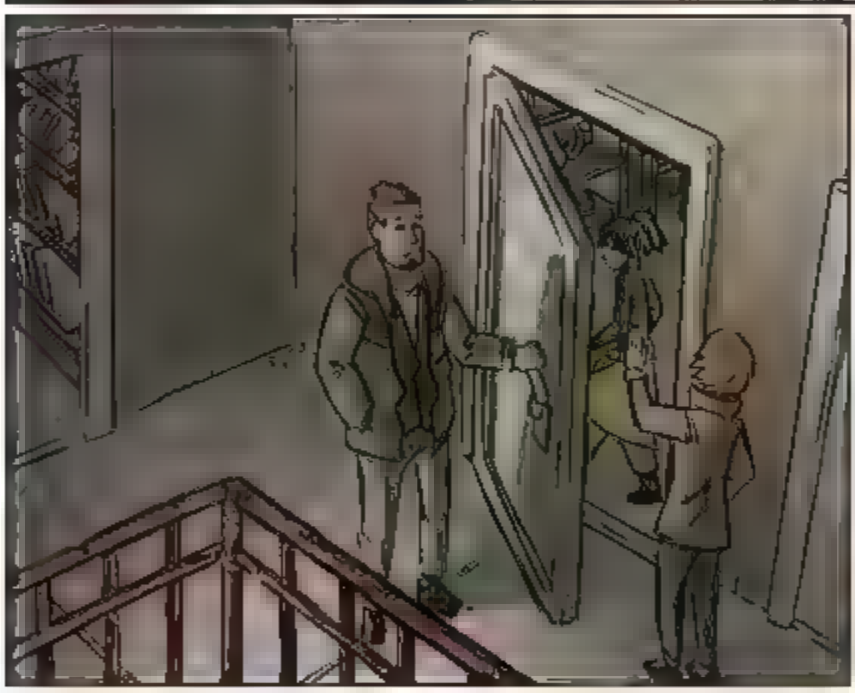
YOUR EARHOLES GUNKED UP? YEAH! CAUSE OF CLINT!
YOU'RE WELCOME, BY THE WAY, FOR FREEING HIM BEFORE THEY COULD MAKE HIM DISAPPEAR TOO.
CLINTON WAS ACTING ON MY BEHALF IF YOU'RE GOING TO BE UPSET WITH SOMEONE, IMPALA, LET IT BE ME.
OH, I'M UPSET WITH YOU DAD! I'M PRETTY FUCKING UPSET HERE!
YOU JUST CALLED THE GIRL A CREATURE? I HAD NO IDEA WHAT I WAS ESCORTING! STILL DON'T!
SO HOW DID YOU? AND HEY, WHY NOT GIVE ME SOME SORTA HEADS-UP?!
WE BELIEVE THE CREATURE IS A MIASMIC-HUMAN HYBRID CREATED UNDER HAROLD MASON.
SHE IS A WEAPON.
AND I DON'T WANT YOU TO HAVE THAT KIND OF WEAPON.

ONCE WE HAD HER, THE PLAN WAS TO REVEAL HER EXISTENCE TO THE PUBLIC - DISCREDIT MASON IN THE EYES OF THE HUMAN AND MIASMIC COMMUNITIES. THE ME
GO STAND IN A SUNBEAM!
"MIASMIC-HUMAN HYBRID"? MIGHT WANNA DOUBLE CHECK YOUR SOURCES THERE! I'M NO HUMAN EXPERT BUT I'M PRETTY SURE THEY DON'T GOT SECRET TEETH ARMS!
DO YOU? YOU GOT SECRET TEETH ARMS?
UH! N-NO?
NO? WHAT ABOUT YOU GUYS? SECRETLY FULLA KNIVES? NO? WELL GOSH!
IMPALA..
I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT SHE WAS! WASN'T GONNA USE HER AS A WEAPON! I WAS GONNA TRADE HER TO CHARLISE FOR SECURITY CODES!
..THEN I WAS GONNA STEAL A BUNCHA WEAPONS.

BUT LIKE... GUNS. NORMAL TOOTHLESS FLESHLESS GUNS
HAHA...
DANG GETS IT.
RIGHT, AND *WHO* IS THIS?
OH! UH! DANG THU MAI.
SHE WAS DRIVING THE TRAIN WHEN CLINT RUINED EVERYTHING FOR EVERYONE. HE THINKS SHE KNOWS STUFF ABOUT OUR MONSTER.
WELL MS DANG, DO YOU?
I UH! W-WELL! SORTA?
I MEAN... I FOUND ONE ON THE GOYA... WHICH WAS A BOAT... I FOUND ONE ABOUT T-TWO YEARS AGO AND THEY SAID... I MEAN THEY WERE ALL DEAD SO THEIR *LOGS* SAID.
...SAID THE MONSTER WAS A DEMON SEALED IN UH... SEALED IN AMBER THEN...
...A UH... A SEA GOD TOLD ME IT WAS A BABY?
OR SOMETHING?


:cough!
LET'S CONTINUE IN PRIVATE, IMPALA. CAN SOMEONE SECURE MS. DANG FOR THE TIME BEING?
SURE.
W-WAIT!

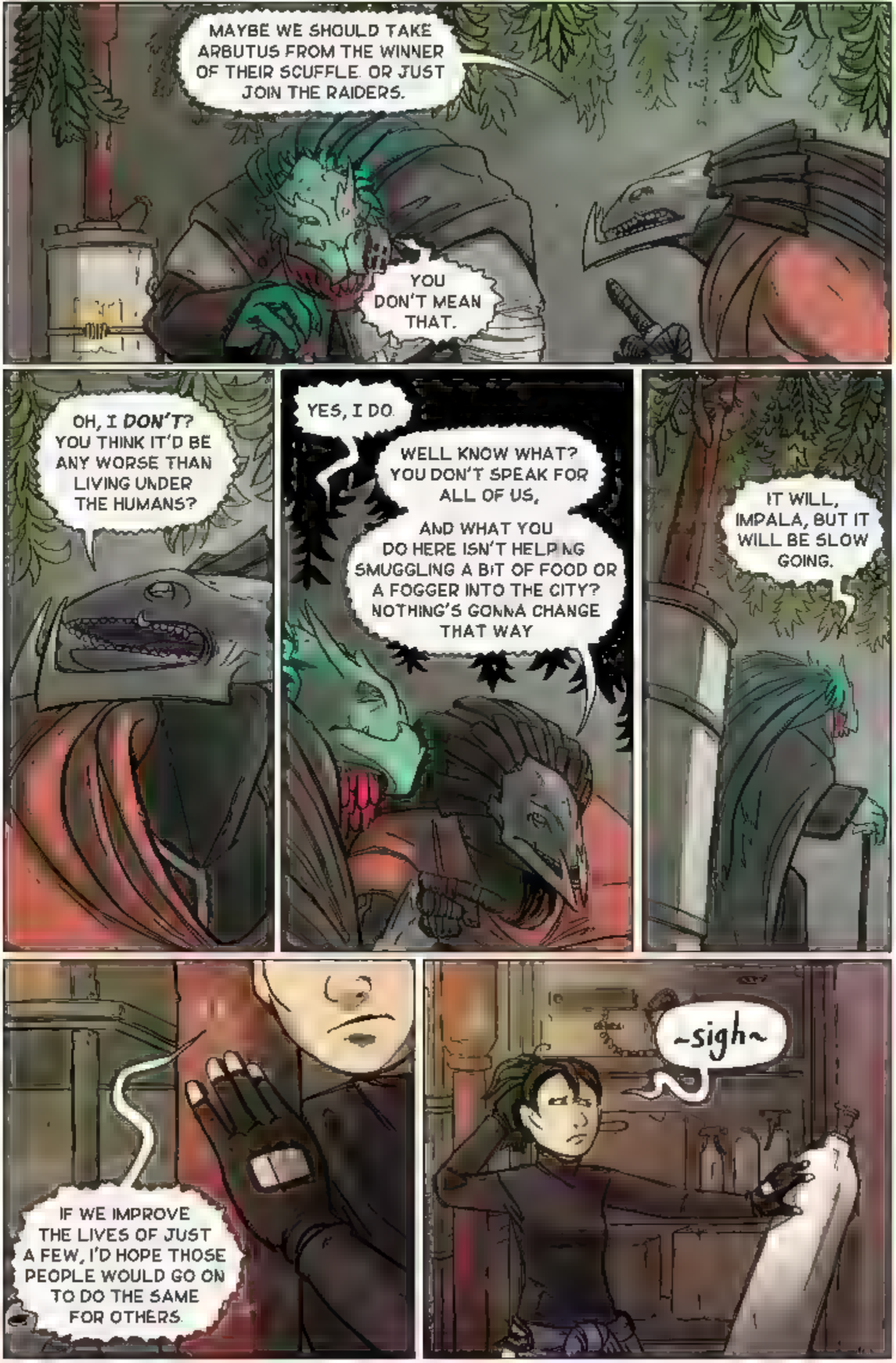




SLAM
click

CRK

!!
GUNS, IMPALA?!
OUR PEOPLE NEED TO DEFEND THEMSELVES!
YOU'VE SEEN IT, THE HUMANS ARE GETTING WORSE EVERY DAY!
THAT'S EXACTLY WHY WE CAN'T AFFORD TO PROVOKE THEM
WE CAN'T MAKE OURSELVES MORE OF A THREAT IN THEIR EYES
THEY'RE ALREADY TERRIFIED OF THE FERALS AND THEIR RAID-FLEETS. PRIMROSE BURNT, AND THEY THINK THEY'LL BE NEXT NOW IS NOT THE TIME TO GO ANTAGONISE THE HUMANS.
OR, MAYBE, NOW'S *EXACTLY* THE TIME TO GET READY.


MAYBE WE SHOULD TAKE ARBUTUS FROM THE WINNER OF THEIR SCUFFLE. OR JUST JOIN THE RAIDERS.
YOU DON'T MEAN THAT.
OH, I *DON'T*? YOU THINK IT'D BE ANY WORSE THAN LIVING UNDER THE HUMANS?
YES, I DO.
WELL KNOW WHAT? YOU DON'T SPEAK FOR ALL OF US,
AND WHAT YOU DO HERE ISN'T HELPING SMUGGLING A BIT OF FOOD OR A FOGGER INTO THE CITY? NOTHING'S GONNA CHANGE THAT WAY
IT WILL, IMPALA, BUT IT WILL BE SLOW GOING.
IF WE IMPROVE THE LIVES OF JUST A FEW, I'D HOPE THOSE PEOPLE WOULD GO ON TO DO THE SAME FOR OTHERS.
~sigh~

SO THAT'S WHAT I'M DOING HERE – BEEN TRYING TO FIGURE OUT WHAT HAPPENED TO IMPS CONTACT.
AND TO, WELL, *YOU.*
THIS USED TO BE YOU, DIDN'T IT?
CLINT, WE HAVE BEEN OVER THIS, I AM NOT THE PIECE OF PLASTIC
OPAQUE?
HUH?
THIS IS OPAQUE?
OH. YEAH.

YOU ALSO LOST YOUR SCARF I CAN SEE YOUR UH. . NECK HOLES?
HERE.
LOOK, WHAT I MEAN IS... WERE YOU HUMAN ONCE? CHARLISE'S FRIEND IN THE PHOT– ...CHARLISE'S FRIEND?
I AM NOT HUMAN. I AM KHARIDIAN.
RIGHT SURE. AND WHAT'S THAT?
IT IS ME.
IT IS WHAT MASON CALLS THOSE OF US BORN IN THE LAB.
SHIT

LOOK, UNA, THIS IS HUGE. HAROLD MASON IS... HE'S THE FREAKIN' HEAD OF ARBUTUS SECURITY!
WITH THE THREAT OF THE FOGGER FLEETS OUT THERE AND GROUPS LIKE IMP'S INSIDE THE WALLS .. IF HE'S MAKING A BUNCH OF PEOPLE LIKE YOU..
THAT'S BAD!
WHY IS THAT BAD?
I... LOOK, IF YOU COME BACK WITH ME, WE CAN HELP YOU
HELP ME?
YEAH. THAT'S WHAT GRENDEL DOES, HELPS PEOPLE THAT NEED SOMEWHERE TO GO.
WE CAN GIVE YOU SANCTUARY - GIVE YOU A SAFE PLACE TO STAY
OKAY.

REALLY?
NOT NOW, THOUGH. I HAVE THINGS TO DO.
YOU HAVE *THINGS* TO DO?
YES.
LOOK, UNA, I THINK IT'S *VERY* IMPORTANT WE-
I WILL FIND YOU, CLINT

HHHH...
GRENDEL!
OH, SORRY I
IT'S ALRIGHT WHAT IS THE MATTER?
WELL...

..AND THEN I HAD TO BREAK THE DOOR DOWN!

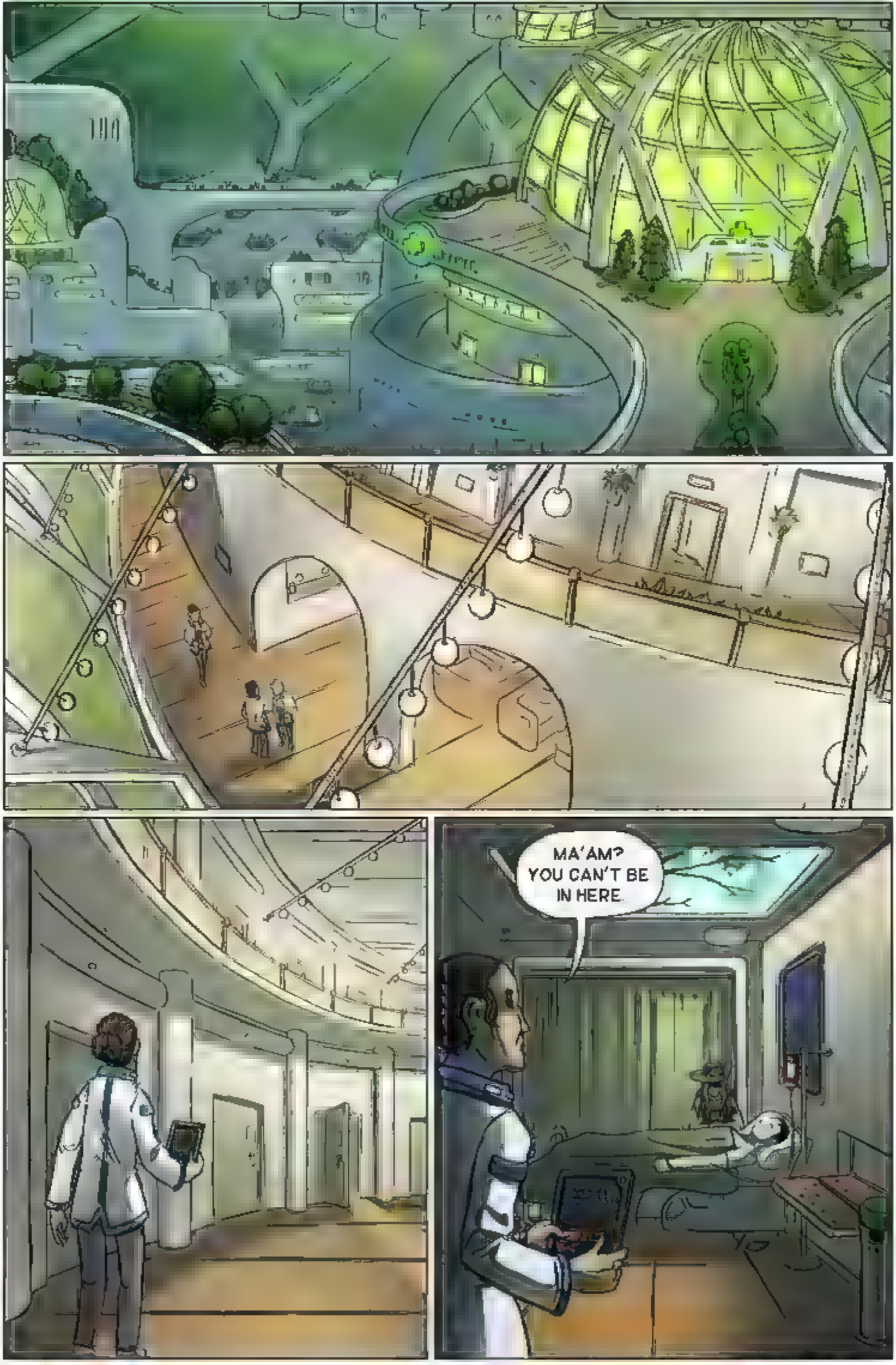
BACK! S-STAY BACK!
WHAT I WANT'S REALLY SIMPLE!
MS. DANG
I DON'T THINK YOU WANT TO BLOW YOURSELF UP OVER THIS.
COURSE I DON'T! Y-Y-YOU THINK THIS IS A BOMB?! HAHA!
I CAN
I CAN DO BETTER THAN BOMBS!

WHILE IMPALA AND THE HOODY GUY WERE YELLING, I PULLED A TRACKER FROM A SECURITY BOAT!
CLOCK REACHES ZERO AND IT REACTIVATES!
BET THEY'RE LOOKING FOR THE MISSING BOAT RIGHT NOW.
WEIRD PLACE FOR IT TO POP BACK UP! BET THEY'LL COME FOR IT!
YOU DON'T WANT TO DO THAT. THOSE WE SHELTER HERE DID NOTHING TO YOU
THEN THEY MIGHT WANNA GET RUNNING! TICK TICK TICK!

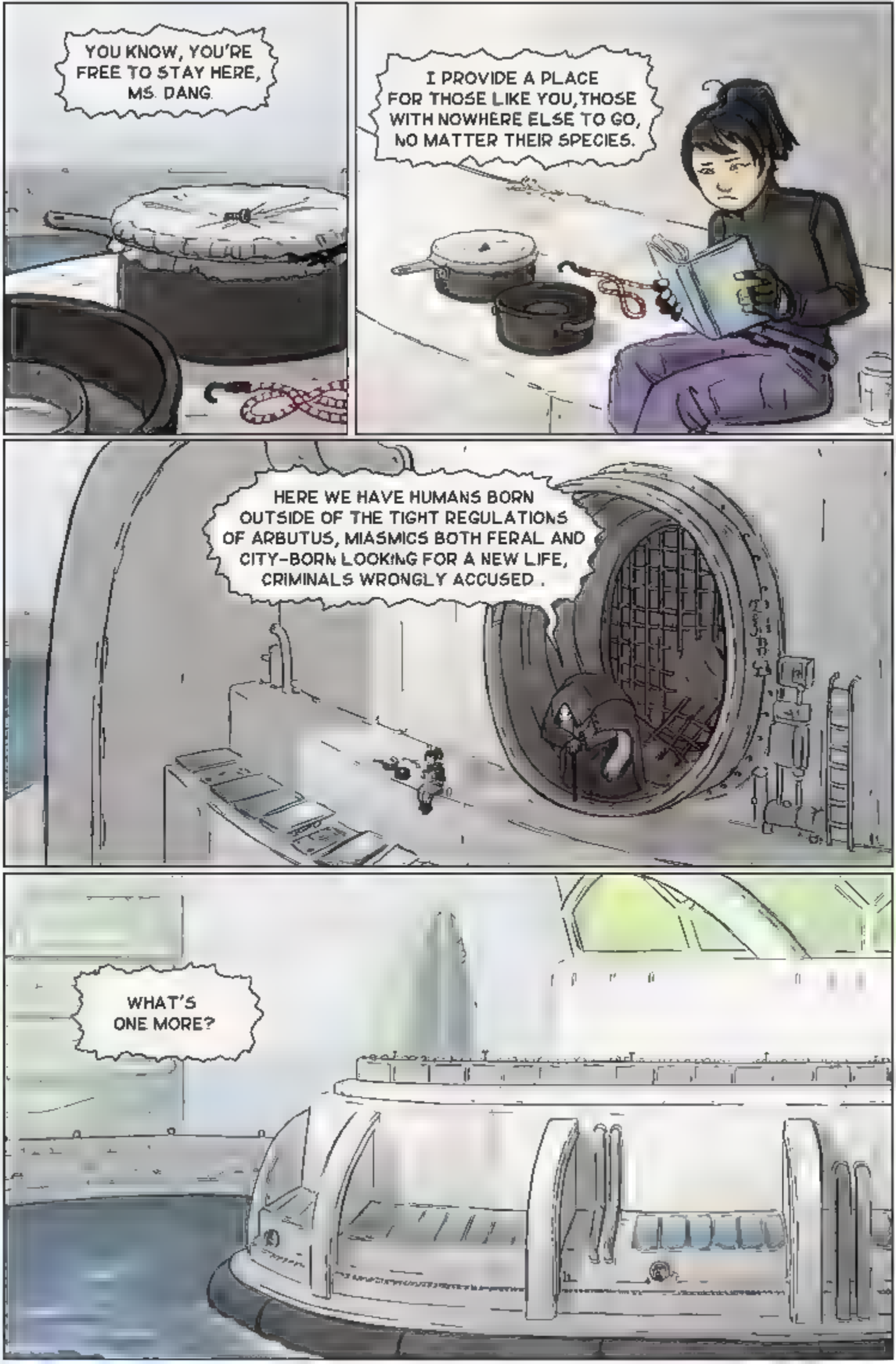
THEY DON'T HAVE ANYWHERE ELSE *TO* RUN TO, MS. DANG. AND NEITHER DO YOU ARBUTUS WON'T LET YOU SIMPLY TRADE US FOR YOUR LIFE BACK.
WHAT? THAT'S NOT MY...
N-NO! I *KNOW* THAT! WHY BOTHER WHEN A WHOLE F-FLEET'S C-COMING FOR THE CITY?!
GOD! J-JUST GIVE ME A CHANCE TO *TALK!*
GRENDEL!
NOT NOW, CLINTON
NO SERIOUSLY. UNA, THE HYBRID GIRL, SHE'S NOT A HYBRID! I FOUND A TRANSMISSION FROM SOME RESEARCHER ON A SHIP CALLED THE GOYA AND-
CLINTON! WHAT DID I JUST SAY?

FEW YEARS AGO, I JOINED THE GOYA – A GROUP OF UNAFFIL ATED HUMANS AND MIASMICS DED CATED TO THE RE-DISCOVERY AND PRESERVATION OF LOST KNOWLEDGE
HOW THE HELL...
I THOUGHT THAT THESE TRAVELERS WOULD BE PERFECT FOR ME, AS IN MANY WAYS THEIRS OVERLAPPED W TH MY OWN RESEARCH. I WAS NOT W[illegible] TRAVELED TO WHERE THE FOG FIRST HIT [illegible] GREENL AND
...SO, MS. DANG, YOU WANTED TO TALK
THERE WE SPEND EIGHT MONTHS PARL THE LOCAL MIASMIC TRIBES, TO MANY HUMANS WERE JU[illegible] LEGEND DESPITE
TH-THIS D-D-D-DRIVE...
bluh
THIS DRIVE HAS INFORMATION FROM THE GOYA.
IT'S YOURS, IF YOU GET ME A BOAT OUT OF HERE SOON.

...CLINTON, YOUR AUNT'S SHIP LEAVES NEXT WEEK, DOESN'T IT?
..WAIT WHAT?
GOOD. NOW, WE CAN GET YOU OUT, MS. DANG. JUST PLEASE, STOP THE...
OH. NO IT'S JUST..
YEAH IT'S JUST A CLOCK AND SOME WIRES ACTUALLY
AH..
HAHA.

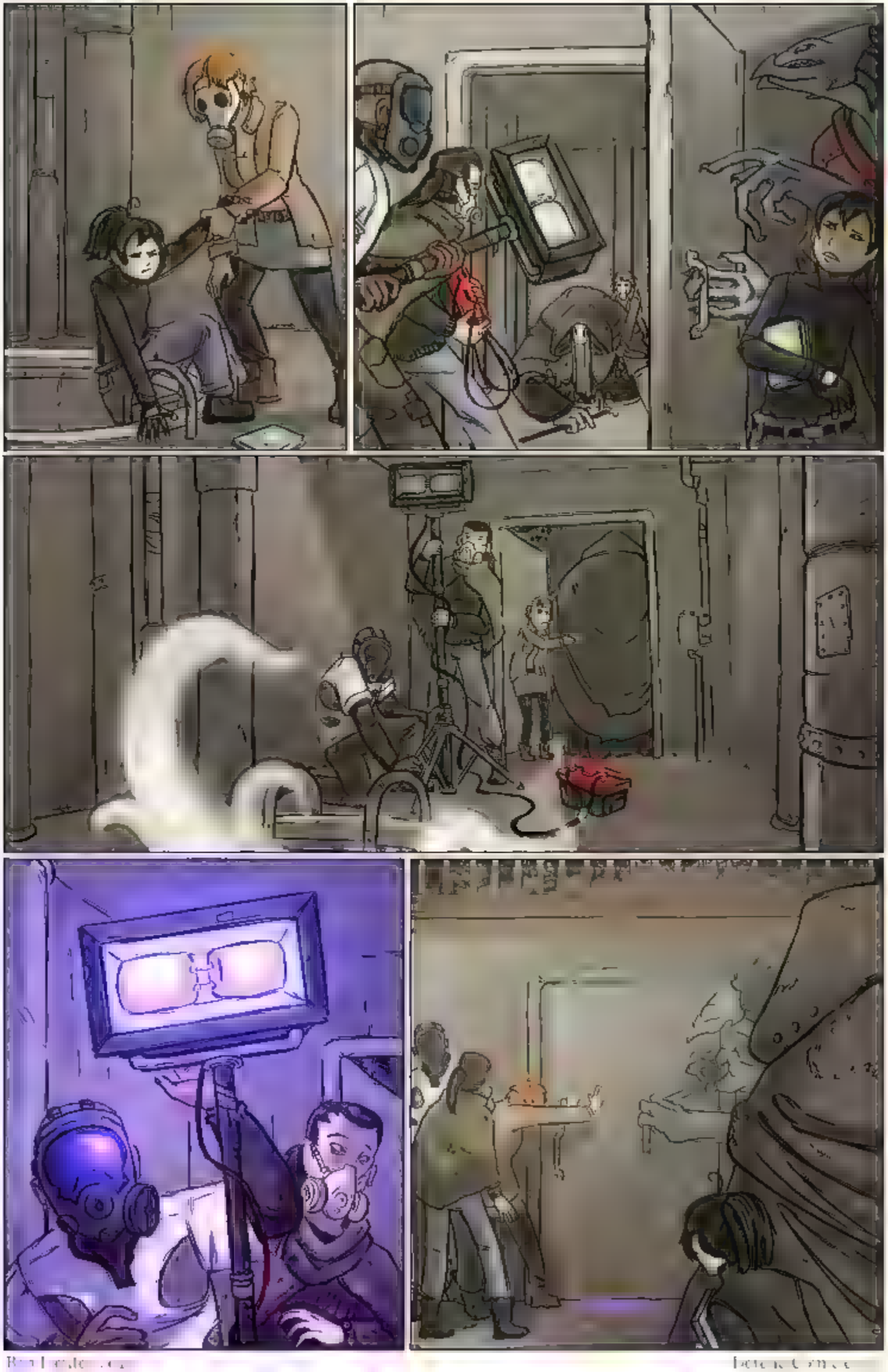

MA'AM?
YOU CAN'T BE
IN HERE.

PEOPLE ARE FRAGILE. WHY ARE PEOPLE FRAGILE?
YOU HAVE TO GO.
THIS MAN. HE HAS A NAME?
YES IT'S...
..IT'S TREVOR CHO.
MA'AM, ARE YOU OKAY?
TREVOR CHO. HE WILL MOVE AGAIN?
HE'LL BE ALRIGHT, IF THAT'S WHAT YOU MEAN
THAT IS GOOD THAT IS PREFERRED


YOU KNOW, YOU'RE FREE TO STAY HERE, MS. DANG.
I PROVIDE A PLACE FOR THOSE LIKE YOU, THOSE WITH NOWHERE ELSE TO GO, NO MATTER THEIR SPECIES.
HERE WE HAVE HUMANS BORN OUTSIDE OF THE TIGHT REGULATIONS OF ARBUTUS, MIASMICS BOTH FERAL AND CITY-BORN LOOKING FOR A NEW LIFE, CRIMINALS WRONGLY ACCUSED .
WHAT'S ONE MORE?

YOU'D BE NO BOTHER. IN FACT, SOMEONE OF YOUR TALENTS COULD MAKE THIS A BETTER PLACE TO LIVE
..I DON'T REALLY WANT OTHERS TO COUNT ON ME
OR TO HAVE TO COUNT ON THEM.
THAT'S A DANGEROUS LIFE, TO GO AT IT ALONE
I KNOW, BUT THAT WAY IT'S MY LIFE

THESE DAMNED OLD TUNNELS..



ARE YOU ALRIGHT, MS. DANG?
YEAH. SH-SHOULDN'T THERE HAVE BEEN MORE OF A, UH, WARNING?
YOU'D THINK SO, RIGHT?
WHAT'S THIS FOR?
BREATHING IN THE FOG.
WE'RE GETTING YOU TO THE SUZIE JUNE, YOUR BOAT OUTA HERE.

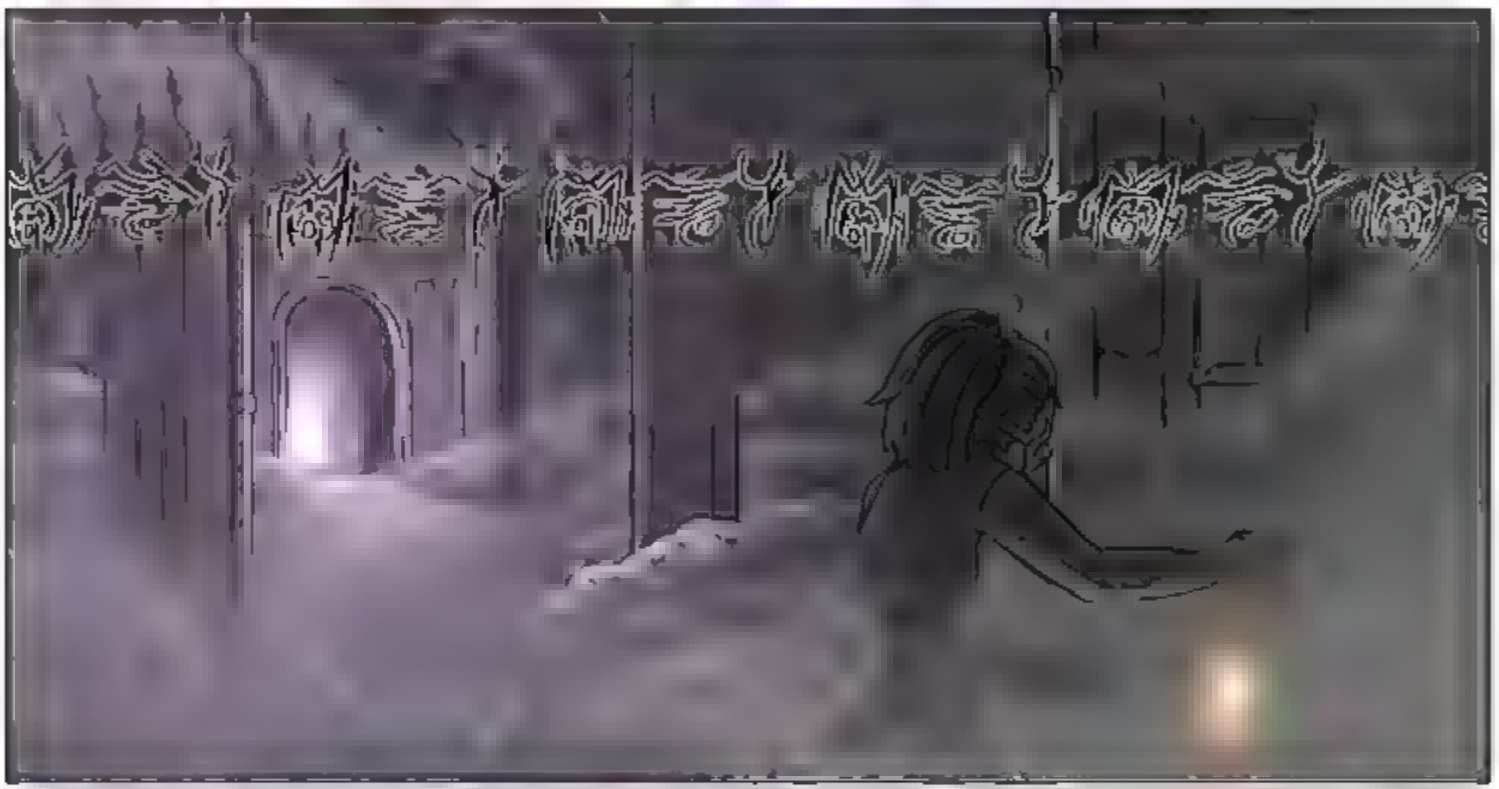
WHAT? NOW?
OH YEAH, TOTALLY. RIGHT NOW, EVERYONE'S LOCKED INSIDE. COPS ARE MOSTLY ON THE STREETS LOOKIN' FOR VANDALS.
BEST OF ALL, RADIOS ARE DEAD AND CAMERAS CAN'T SEE ANY BETTER THAN YOU AND ME IN THE FOG.

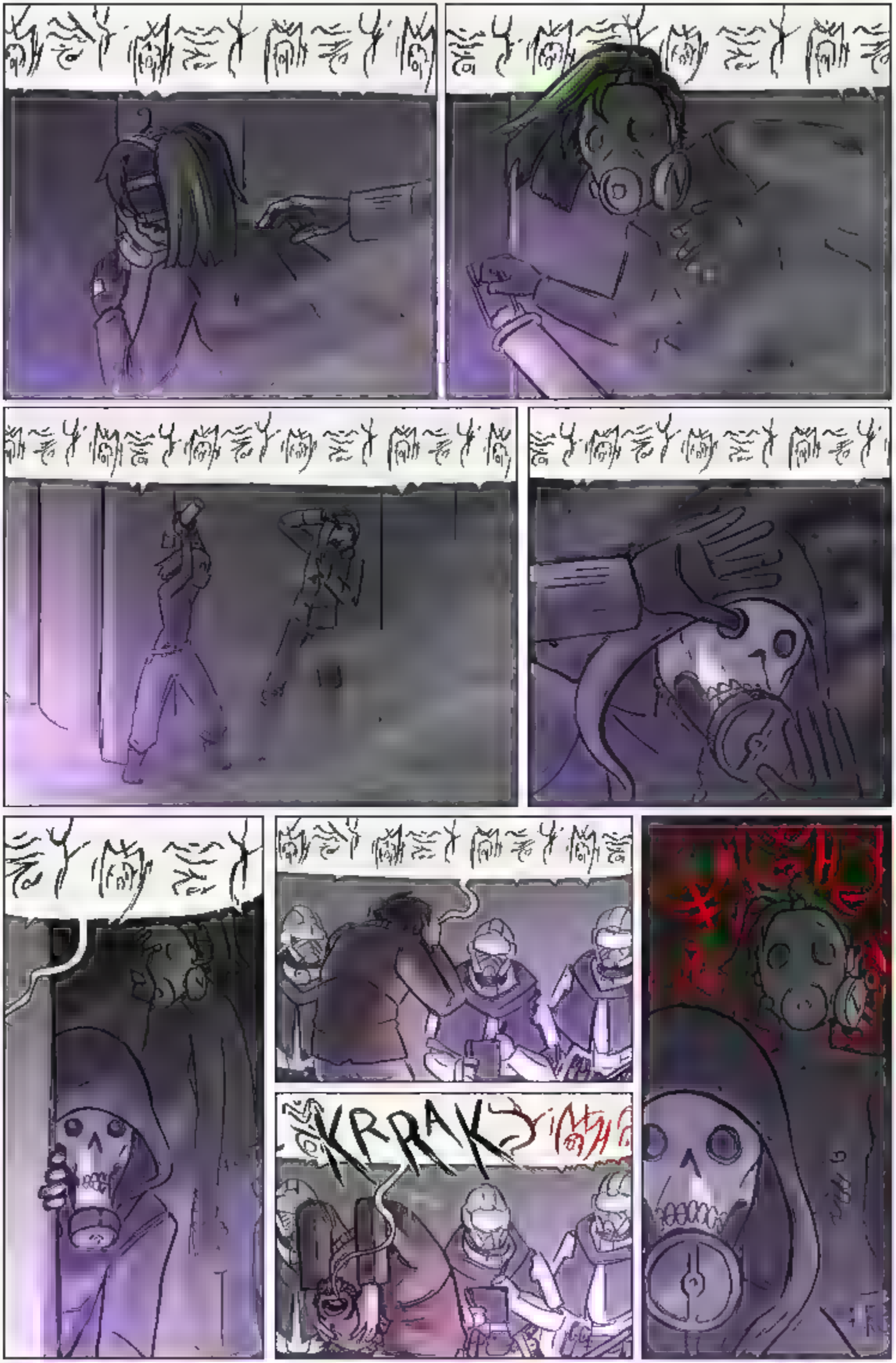
...SO ONE OF THE KHARDIANS WAS ON THE GOYA, HUH? SEALED IN AMBER OR SOMETHING?
OR SOMETHING
IT'S WEIRD THOUGH, CAUSE THE ONE I MET SAID SHE WAS MADE IN A LAB.
YOU THINK MAYBE THE GOYA MADE THEIR OWN OR WHAT?

I DUNNO
G-GET ME TO THE SHIP AND GET YOUR COPY OF THE DRIVE. LOOK THROUGH IT YOURSELF
...FINE
...I JUST WANNA MAKE SENSE OF IT ALL

UH..
THOSE ARE HUMAN VOICES
W-WE SHOULD FIND ANOTHER WAY TO...
ONE SEC
CLINT
THEY COULD HAVE FOG POISONING JUST ONE SEC.

click




KRRAK

HOLY SHIT
CLINT LET'S GO
THE BEACON IS LIT.
FIT FIT FIT
AH!

FTT
FT

Ben Fleuter 2015

DerelictComic.com

LOOK, YOU TWO NEED TO GET OUT OF HERE. IT'S NOT SAFE.
NOT SAFE? HEY FLAT-FACE, YOU'RE THE ONE WHO'S NOT SAFE.
WE D-DON'T HAVE *TIME* FOR TH S...
LOOKIT THE TALLER ONE'S DUMB MASK, HAHA! I SAY WE TAKE THEIR STUFF, I SAY. SELL REAL NICE.
Y-YOU--
G-GET OUT OF OUR WAY!
STOP THIS. WE'RE FRIENDS OF THE GRENDEL.
AND THAT MEANS WE'RE PALS DOES IT?
LOOKIT THE TINY POKER!
IT MEANS WE'RE NOT HERE TO THREATEN YOU. BUT THE GUYS THAT ARE AFTER US? THEY'RE-
FIST

Ben Fleuter 2015 DerelictComic.com

FTT
FTT
FTT
FTT
TNG
FTT
FTT
FTT
FTT
BOOM

K-KEEP P-P-PRESSURE ON IT.

I CAN'T...

...I CAN'T TELL HOW BAD IT IS.

AAAHG!

SHH!

YOUR AUNT'S SHIP. HOW FAR?

WE'RE NOT... NOT GOING.

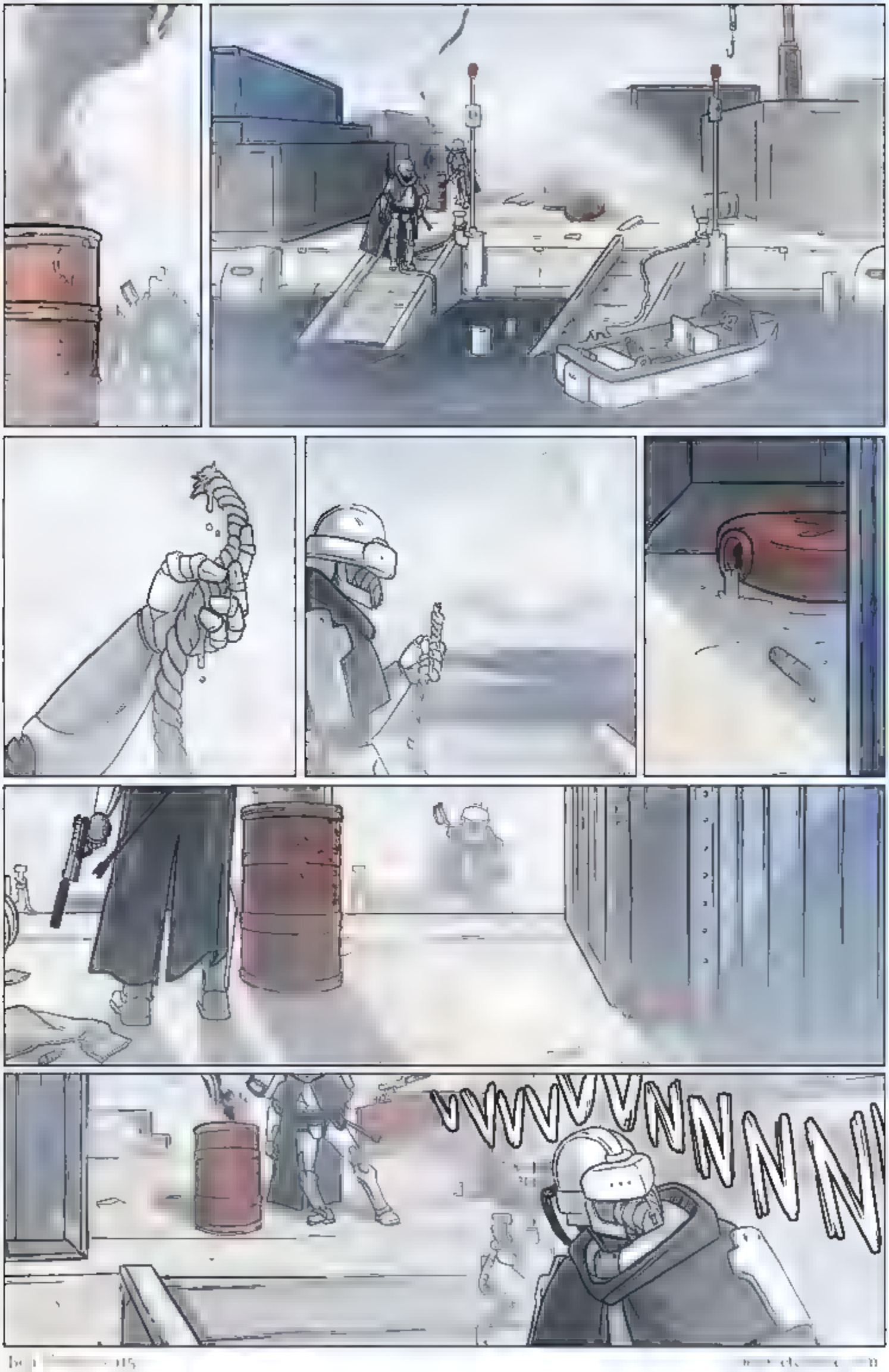
IT'S -- I'M NOT LEADING THESE GUYS TO HER.

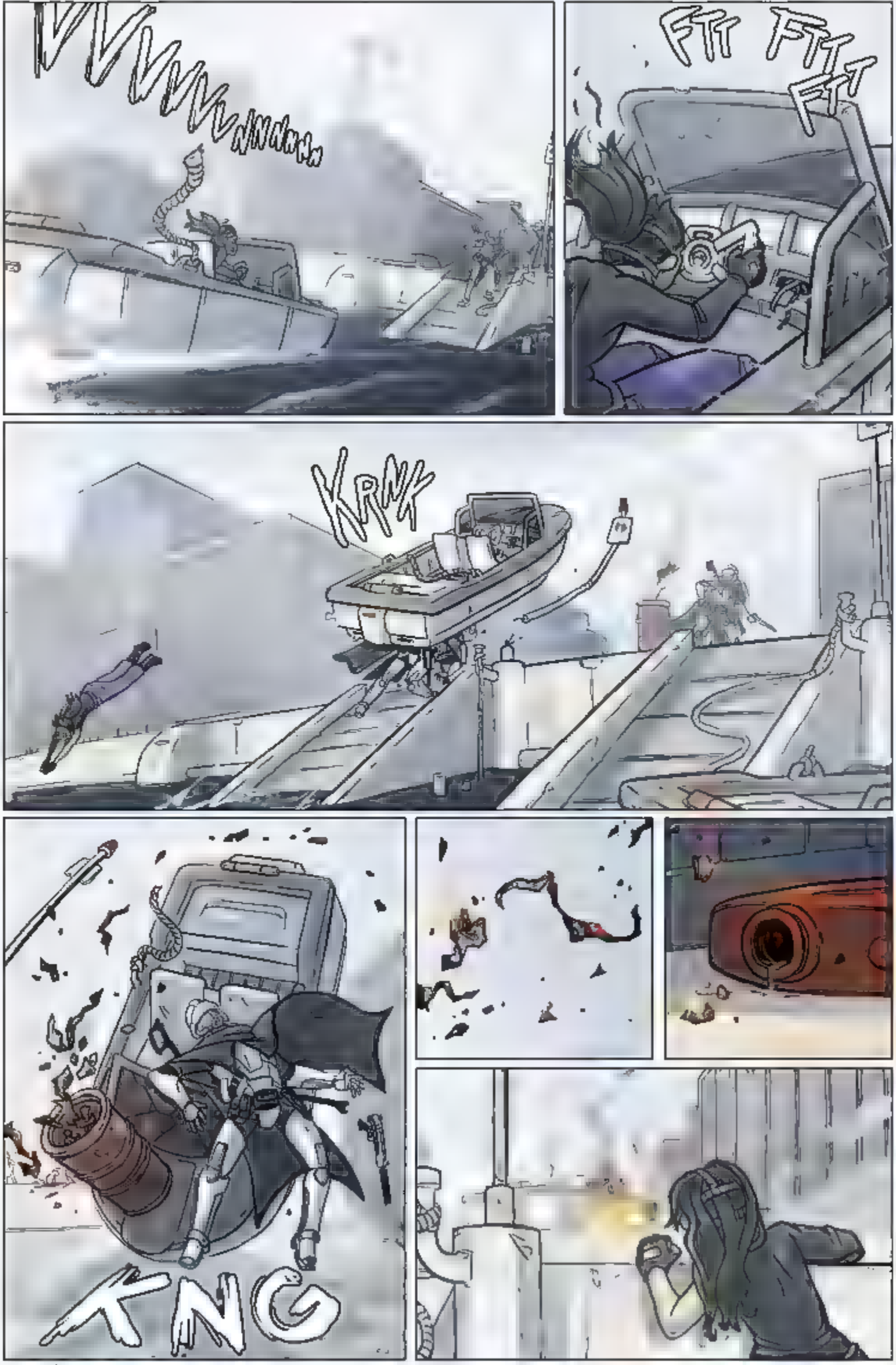
...FINE.

WHO ARE THEY?

ARE THEY ARBUTUS?
CLINT?
AH!
YEAH. PROBABLY
THERE'S TWO OF THEM...
..OKAY
OKAY.
K-KEEP PRESSURE ON IT WHATEVER YOU DO, STAY AWAKE
DANG?
BE RIGHT BACK.

FTT
FTT
FTT
CLAP


VVVVVNNNNNN


FTT FTT FTT
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clik
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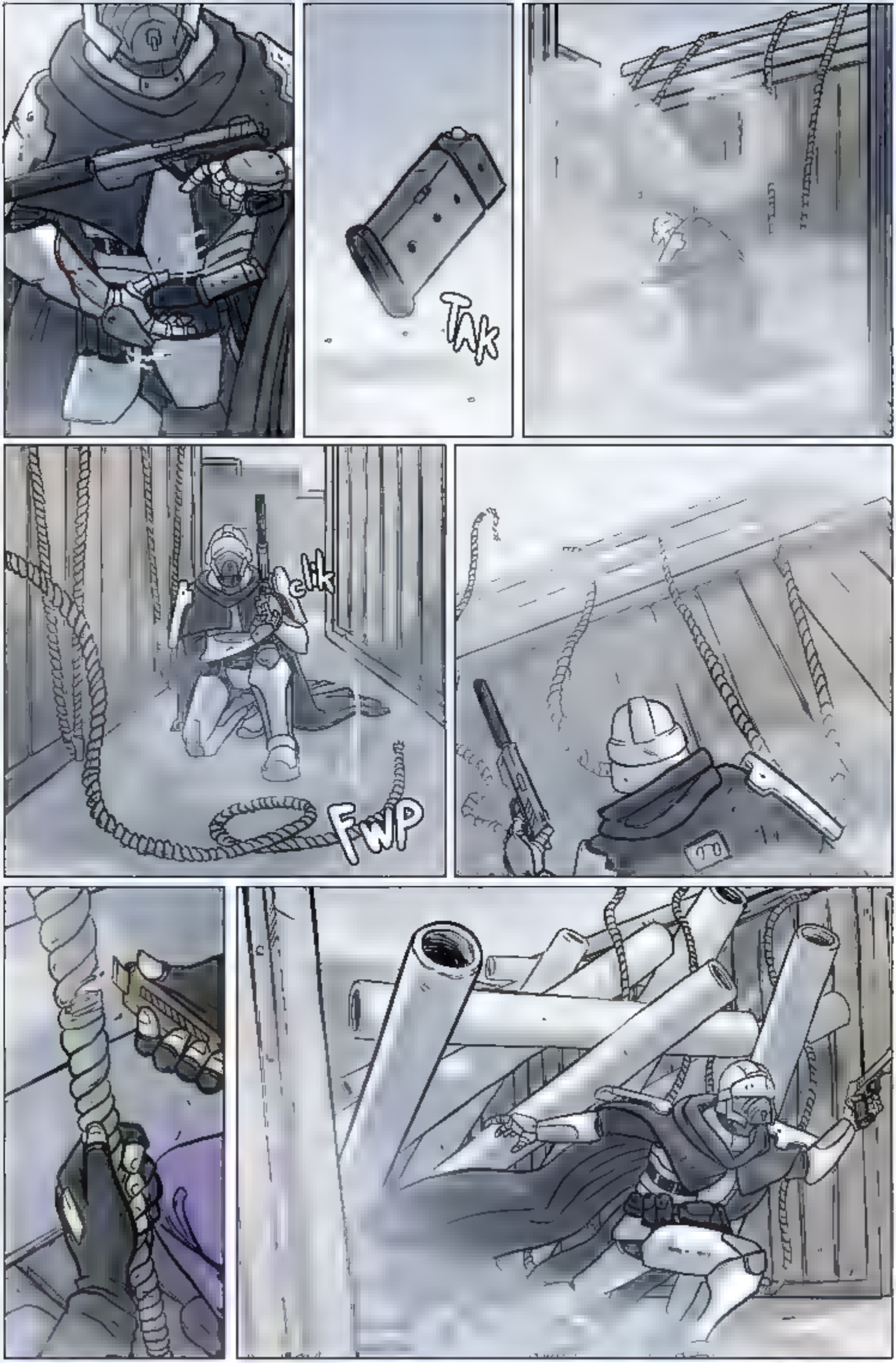
HGKK!
clak


TWK
clik
FWP

Fkk

CLINT?
CLINTON!
Uhhnn...
SH-SHIT. OKAY.
OKAY.
IT'LL BE OKAY.
WE... WE'RE GONNA GO FIND YOU HELP.
I JUST... I DON'T KNOW WHERE I'M GOING..

«HHUH.
IS IT BLOOD LOSS OR AM I SEEING THAT RIGHT?

ALMOST LOOKS LIKE THE FOG'S...
COMING FROM THE CITY ITSELF.

TARGET SIGHTED

NO.
AAAAAAH!!
NO.
SHH.
SHH.
PAT
PAT.
Shh...
OH?

Ben Fleuter 2016

OH, IT'S YOU. WHAT'S UP?
MANY VOICES.
HAH. WEIRDO.
PAT PAT.
AW JEEZ GIRL, THANKS KINDLY, BUT IF YOU PULLED THOSE FROM WATER INSIDE THE CITY THEY'RE PROBABLY NO GOOD FOR EATING.
OH? I ATE THEM.
WELL... YOU'RE A BIT UNIQUE, YEAH KIDDO?
FUCK IT MAN, I'M HUNGRY. I'LL RISK IT.
WON'T DO YOU NO GOOD IF YOU JUST END UP PUKING YOUR GUTS OUT!
OH NO. DO NOT PUKE OUT GUTS.

Ben Fleuter 2016

It's about time I put up some sort of official explanation and hiatus message. It's unfair to keep readers of Derelict in the dark.

First and foremost! ***I have not abandoned Derelict.***
I plan on returning to it this summer if I can, but when I do I want to return strong and steady, not with an update every other month.

That important bit of assurance out of the way, some backstory:

Two years ago I was struggling to get by. The generosity of Patreon backers, a little revenue from ads, and the occasional book sale helped, but my finances were terrible. My wife paid for nearly everything and the guilt I felt about that [despite her assuring me she was okay with it] and the stress of looking for my next freelance art job was taking a real toll on my health. I told myself that if I could not get Derelict up to making at least a part-time wage that year, I'd have to give up putting so much time into it. I simply could not afford to anymore.

A year and a half ago I got an offer for a dream job and I took it.
I get a stable, comfortable income to create ***The Sword Interval*** for LINE Webtoon. ***My life is so, so much better.*** I love my job, but it's full time work and takes a lot of time and energy.

I also launched the first Sword Interval Kickstarter, and getting the book out to print has been another time-sink. That's off to the printer, though, opening up a lot of free time ***to seriously consider Derelict again.***

Here is the deal.

I want to come back to regular, weekly updates. My goal – ***my hope*** – is to do so this summer. I'm sick of stressing about Derelict page to page, releasing one update every other month. I want time to step back. I want to think through the next huge batch of pages as a cohesive, fun to read whole. And when I come back, I want it to be when I can be reliable.

Thank you for your patience and understanding.

-Ben Fleuter

Hey everyone.

Allow me to break the silence for a bit

First off, all this month I have been traveling and doing comic conventions. I got to meet a good deal of Derelict readers and you were all very kind and wonderful. Interactions like that? Seeing in person that this comic means something to others? It's one of the things that make me want to continue this comic.

I've been rethinking Derelict a lot these last few months. I have an idea for what I want to do. It's a lot of work, but it's the most excited I've been about Derelict in years.

I don't want to get into specifics though. Nor do I want to make promises as to when Derelict will return. Not until I feel more assured in the direction I want to go, and that I can manage the workload.

When that time comes I am sure I will have quite a lot more to say.

Thanks.